# MAYFAIR

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

Vol. 9 No. 11

50p

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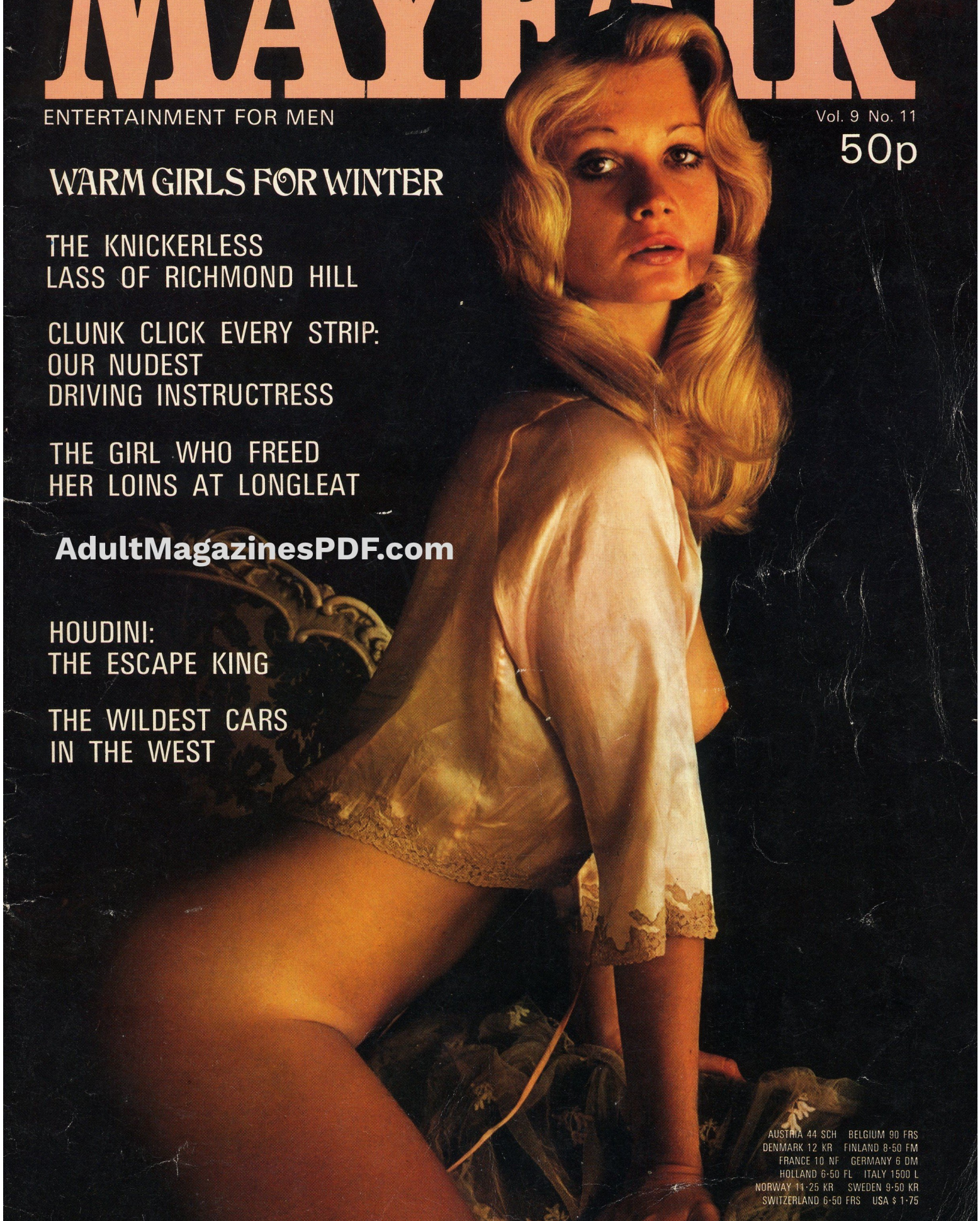

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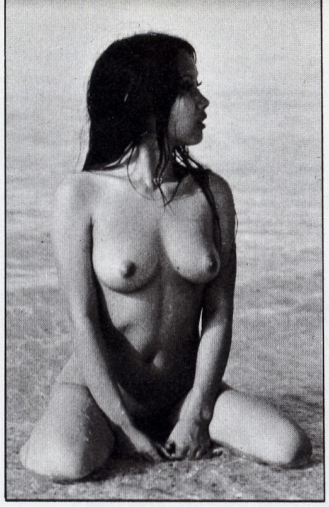

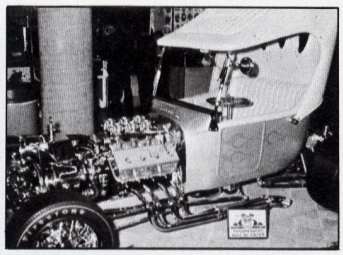

# MAYFAIR

Incorporating King

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*Tiny Tiowa, page 68. Car curios, page 62*

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# BIG NEWS FOR '75

This is the delicious Francesca Hastings, just one of the twelve truly memorable girls in *Mayfair's* full-colour 1975 Calendar. Each month brings a new delight with crisp, true-to-life pictures of some of the greatest girls ever to appear in the magazine. From Birgitta in January to Penny Irving in December, 1975 is a winner all the way. But don't leave it too late, because last year's response was so great that an unlucky few were disappointed when stocks became exhausted. The *Mayfair* Calendar is Britain's biggest selling girl calendar with over 200,000 sales last year and we've printed more than ever before this time. But don't chance being left behind in the rush, reach for your pen and see for yourself just how great 1975 is going to be.
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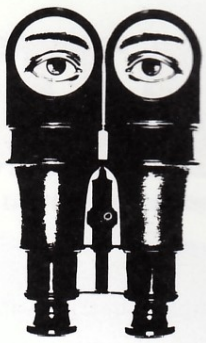

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Regular readers will know that we are connoisseurs of the classic story. However, it appears that in Vol. 9 No. 7 we unwittingly let one get away. In our jokes page we told the story of a debtor, pressed to pay, who was told that the matter would be placed in the hands of a solicitor. To which he replied that he did not mind in which part of the solicitor's anatomy the matter was placed.
Now, a reader has written to us to say that the story is in fact true and that the letter was received by a sub-manager of a branch of Lloyds Bank in the West Midlands. The name of the sub-manager and the town were given to us but we do not feel it fair to reveal these.
The payoff line as actually written was better in truth than in our story. The debtor wrote back saying: 'You are welcome to put the matter into the hands of your solicitor, or indeed into any part of his anatomy that your ingenuity can devise and his tolerance will permit'.

It had to come. After the film *Deep Throat,* the oral sex epic that amazed America, we now have the story of the star herself, Linda Lovelace, who, in her book *Inside Linda Lovelace,* (Tandem, 50p), reveals everything you always wanted to know about her – and a bit more beside. Linda writes about her sexual experiences with a cheery mixture of gusto and naivete and for the benefit of would-be sexual gymnasts, describes her 'deep throat' technique in great, if larynx-bruising detail. Many English girls will perhaps find Linda's instructions hard to swallow.

Frau Ines Fukking of Essen, West Germany, has a problem. Her name. On enrolling at the Poole International College of English in Dorset, Ines was surprised to find that her name, though innocuous enough in Essen, could well cause some embarrassment to the Poole College Principal. 'Would Frau Fukking,' suggested the Principal diplomatically, 'mind if we called her Frau Dukking?' 'I certainly would,' came the reply, *'ich bin* Fukking, *nicht* Dukking.' Keen to play his part in Anglo-German relations, the Principal bowed to Ines' wishes, and it's a case of 'Carry on, Fukking'.

Finding original limericks for *Mayfair's* jokes page is a task that is not going to be made easier by the recent publication of *The Limerick,* a weighty tome giving no less than 1700 examples of the bawdy poemlets. Published by Jupiter Books of 167 Hermitage Road, London N4, it is priced at £4·50. Afficionados will note with glee that such gems as 'The Good Ship Venus' are included in full which should make the book a must for the rugby-playing fraternity.
Many of the limericks included have appeared in *Mayfair* and so will be familiar to devotees of our jokes page. But many are new to us. For example:

*To his bride said the keen-eyed detective,*
*'Can it be that my eyesight's defective?*
*Has the east tit the least bit*
*The best of the west tit,*
*Or is it the faulty perspective?*

The awesome task of compiling this compendium of bawdies has been undertaken by an American, Gershon Legman. Mr Legman was at one time official bibliographer for the Kinsey Institute and so seems well qualified to tell the story of the limerick. But the best analysis of this verse form is contained within the five short lines of a limerick itself:

*The limerick form is complex,*
*Its contents run chiefly to sex.*
*It burgeons with virgeons*
*And masculine urgeons,*
*And swarms with erotic effex.*

And that, surely, says it all.

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# LETTERS

*This is where we invite you to add to the controversy and the anecdote of Mayfair. Only those letters bearing the name and full address of the writer can be used but all requests for anonymity will be upheld and name and addresses reduced to initials and town on request. Write to 'Letters', Mayfair Magazine, 95A Chancery Lane, London WC2A 1DZ.*

The first thing I look at when I receive a new copy of *Mayfair* is the 'Caz' cartoon. I enjoy its marvellously cynical outlook on life. Praise is long overdue for this feature of your magazine. Long may Caz enrich the pages of *Mayfair*.
The second item that captures my attention is, of course, the selection of sensuous girls. May I commend your good taste in selecting Alexandra Callahan and Elaine Selwyn for Vol. 9 No. 9. Both girls are a delight to behold – and such perfect bottoms! The girls both have rumps that could easily have been calculated to double the pulse-rate of any ardent 'bum-man' such as myself. Both pairs of buttocks are worthy of Design Centre Awards!
*David Head, Camberley*

I find it surprising that in this era of tight-fitting pants and clinging dresses and jeans the G-string is not more widely worn by girls wishing to preserve a sleek line. A high cut G-string following the hip line rather than the bikini line leaves the full sweep of bottom and thigh uncut by the pantie outline which is almost universally visible. Pantie-lines are all well and good in small doses and when they are only occasionally seen do provide some excitement, but today they are becoming positively old hat, particularly when most girls wear panties no more exciting than the bikini bottoms one can see on any beach.
You may ask, why wear anything at all? The answer is that most girls feel safer having something between themselves and the outside world – if only to preserve their modesty on windy days. But G-string wearers can preserve their modesty and provide more of a turn on for the boys than pantie wearers, because the unusual is almost always sexy. A friend of mine has a theory that the G-string is little worn because it is far too exciting for the girl wearing it. He may be right. A soft, slinky well-tensioned G-string (not one of those awful things of scratchy lace and hard elastic), applying pressure to her most erotic zones and moving when she moves could well turn her on whenever she thinks about it. The idea certainly turns me on! Come on, girls, tell us all about it.
*P.H., London N8*

I read with interest your many readers' letters on the subject of rubber fetishism. My particular passion is nylon lined neoprene diving suits. I first became aware of this whilst undergoing diving training in the R.N. This training involved many hours spent totally enclosed in a tight-fitting rubber suit. Most of my class mates eagerly awaited the end of this arduous course, while I, much to my growing astonishment, began to enjoy those rubber wrapped hours. So much so that many times I attained an erection for the duration of the day. My constant activity sometimes caused me to reach orgasm.
While on a weekend leave I took my wife out on the Saturday evening for a few drinks. After a few beers I felt that I had to share with her the knowledge of my new found pleasure. She laughingly disbelieved me and said I had been reading too many letters in 'men's glossy magazines' and dismissed this topic of conversation. Frustrated, and annoyed by my wife's rejection of my fetish, I decided that on my next weekend leave I would bring my suit home with me, whatever the consequences. This I did. As in all sailors' returns, we had intercourse (conventionally) immediately on my return home. Later

*turn to page 10*

# Refreshes the parts other beers cannot reach.

# LETTERS

*continued from page 8*

on when I thought of the suit in my holdall, I achieved a truly full erection. My wife jokingly said: 'What's all this then? So soon?' I explained and much to my surprise, she suggested at once that I put the suit on.

She seemed quite turned on by the idea. While helping me into it she became tremendously excited and began rubbing her clitoris against my rubber clad thigh, reaching orgasm almost immediately. Luckily this suit was fitted with a urinal port, which I hurriedly removed, allowing me to thrust out my rampant member. Although she had never done it before, my wife then gave me the best mouth job I have ever experienced.

Having enjoyed our first rubber experience so much we decided to explore this aspect of sex further and now we both have cunningly tailored wet suits of our own. These enable us to perform many sex acts whilst clad in wonderful rubber.

Neither my wife nor I has a sense of guilt thanks to the advice given to other fetishists in the excellent columns of Dr Charles Vintner in your magazine.

*(Name and address withheld)*

I have been reading and enjoying *Mayfair* for over two years, quietly and unassumingly. However, I must write to tell you that you really have excelled with Vol. 9 No. 9. Everything, without exception, is perfect. Special mention, however, for Alex, who likes her men direct and to the point and for Elaine who really is my dream girl. More, more of these two particularly.

If your standards keep on going up like this, surely nobody can complain at increased prices of the magazine or postage. I am happy, anyway.

Just one thought, though. Is it possible to have pictures of girls with completely shaven pubes?

Speaking for myself and, I suspect, many others, girls with shaven pubes are more sexy. I understand that in some countries where shaving is commonplace they find that a luxuriant bush is more sexy. It might be interesting to carry out a survey of British women to find out what percentage shave their pubes.

*Richard Shaw, Macclesfield*

*Such a surveyor would undoubtedly be treated to some razor-sharp replies to his questions, don't you think?*

There has been much said about shaven pubic hair – female pubic hair, that is. I should like to know whether the men who advocate bare pubes would shave themselves and, in fact, if any men do It seems to me that if there is so much talk about women shaving their pubic hair, the same should apply on the subject of men shaving theirs. Or is there some reason why men shouldn't shave?

Perhaps the *Mayfair* readers could enlighten me on the subject.

*Mrs J. G., Kirkcaldy, Fife*

May I congratulate you on your excellent article 'Street Steamers' in Vol. 9 No. 8. I wonder if any books have been written about the cars produced by Abner Doble. These cars were not mentioned in your article but they are of great interest to steam car enthusiasts.

*G.J. Saxton, Woking*

*The major work about these vehicles is 'Doble Steam Cars' by J.N. Walton. The book is published by the Light Steam Publication Company of Kirkmichael, Isle of Man.*

I wonder how many of your readers have sampled the delights of Scottish girls? I can tell you from personal experience that there is nothing to equal them.

When I first met my Scottish girlfriend it was on a blind date. At first I thought I'd been lumbered because although she was very pretty she

*turn to page 102*

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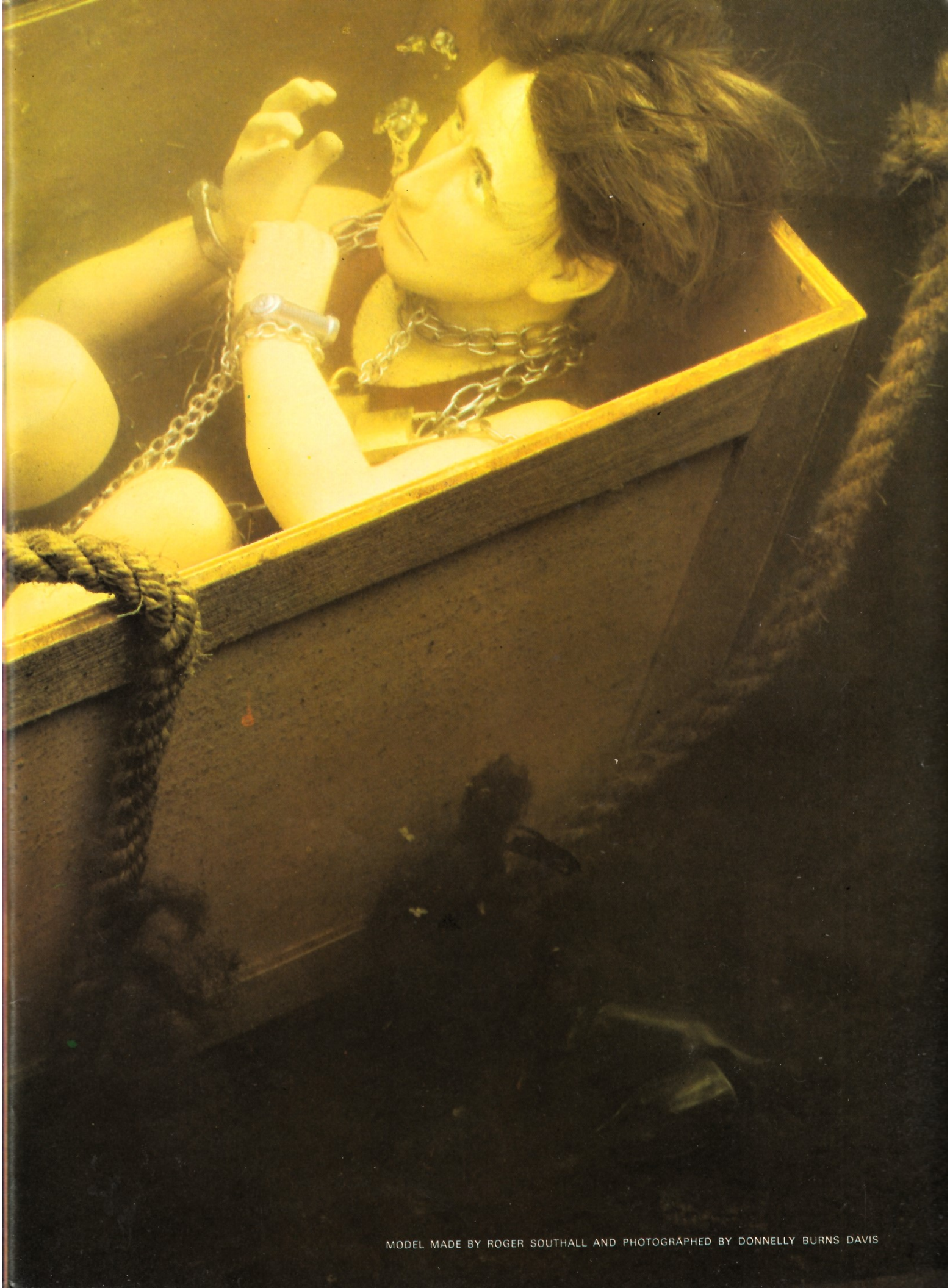
# HOUDINI
## The GREATEST ESCAPOLOGIST of them all

By Gerald Rawling

Shortly before lunch time on Tuesday, November 27, 1906, a noisy and excited crowd of people thronged the approaches to the Belle Island Bridge in Detroit, Michigan, waiting for the appearance of the Number One Show Business personality of this or any other century. It was a raw winter morning. A honed edged northerly wind whistled past the great-coated, ear-muffed spectators. Twenty-five feet below, the Detroit River was frozen solid from bank to bank. Just underneath the bridge parapet a large hole had been carved out of the ice in preparation for the spectacle about to be witnessed. Promptly at the appointed hour a short, stocky, muscular young man walked onto the bridge and with calculated showmanship stripped slowly down to bathing trunks revealing a torso built like a series of cottage loaves. Police officials stepped forward and snapped two pairs of regulation handcuffs on his wrists and the young man skipped lightly up onto the bridge parapet. There was a pause for effect while the vast crowd stood frozen in anticipation and then, at his own signal, and to a roar of approval and excitement from the crowd, Harry Houdini, handcuff king, escapologist and magician extraordinary was pushed over the edge to drop neatly into the river through the hole in the ice.

For fully a minute the spectators watched the hole in hushed expectancy. It was common knowledge that the Great Houdini normally extricated himself from this sort of situation in a minute or under. But when the first minute passed and the seconds ticked on well into the second and even the third minute an uneasy

*turn to page 15*



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# HOUDINI

*continued from page 12*

murmuring began to stir through the crowd.

After four minutes, police surgeons who had been invited to the demonstration expressed the opinion that something had gone wrong and local journalists bounded off down the icy pavements to telephone their news desks. The 'safety' man, a powerful underwater swimmer who – needless to say without publicity from Houdini – was standing by for just such an emergency as this, apprehensively began to divest himself of his clothes and uncoiled a lengthy skein of rope. He fastened it securely to one of the bridge stanchions and threw the coil over the side, where the end splashed into the black and turbid waters of the Detroit River. Then, with ill-concealed reluctance, he began to shin down towards the water. Before he got half way, a naked arm, then a head, appeared through the hole in the ice and Harry Houdini climbed out. He had been under water for eight minutes and had survived one of the most dangerous exploits of his fabulous career.

Drying off in his hotel bedroom later, he explained to his wife, Bess, how he had managed to extricate himself from that particular escapade. Dropping into the icy water, he had, as usual, quickly released the handcuffs, but, misjudging the strength of the current, he had risen to the surface only to discover that he could not find the exit hole through the ice. Only the iron discipline of his training and what he called his 'serenity of spirit' saved him. 'My chief task has been to conquer fear,' he once wrote. 'If I grow panicky I am lost.' The philosophy paid handsome dividends on this occasion – he reasoned that there must be a thin sandwich of air between the water surface and the lower side of the ice sheet and, poking his nostrils up against the ice, he took a cautious breath to fill his lungs. The device worked and gave him enough air to keep swimming until he saw the end of the safety man's rope flashing in the water, giving him a correct bearing for the hole in the ice. After that it was a simple matter to swim a few powerful strokes and scramble out into the open.

Few stars blazed more brightly and none more effectively in the dazzling firmament of show business in the early twentieth century than that of Harry Houdini. He liked people to think that he was born in Appleton, Wisconsin on April 6, 1874 but in fact he entered this world under the name of Ehrich Weiss some 13 days earlier in Budapest, the family moving shortly thereafter to the United States. His parents, although educated – even cultured – were very poor and his father earned a precarious living as a rabbi, first in Appleton, then in Milwaukee and eventually in New York. The family was constantly on the move, seemingly one jump ahead of its creditors.

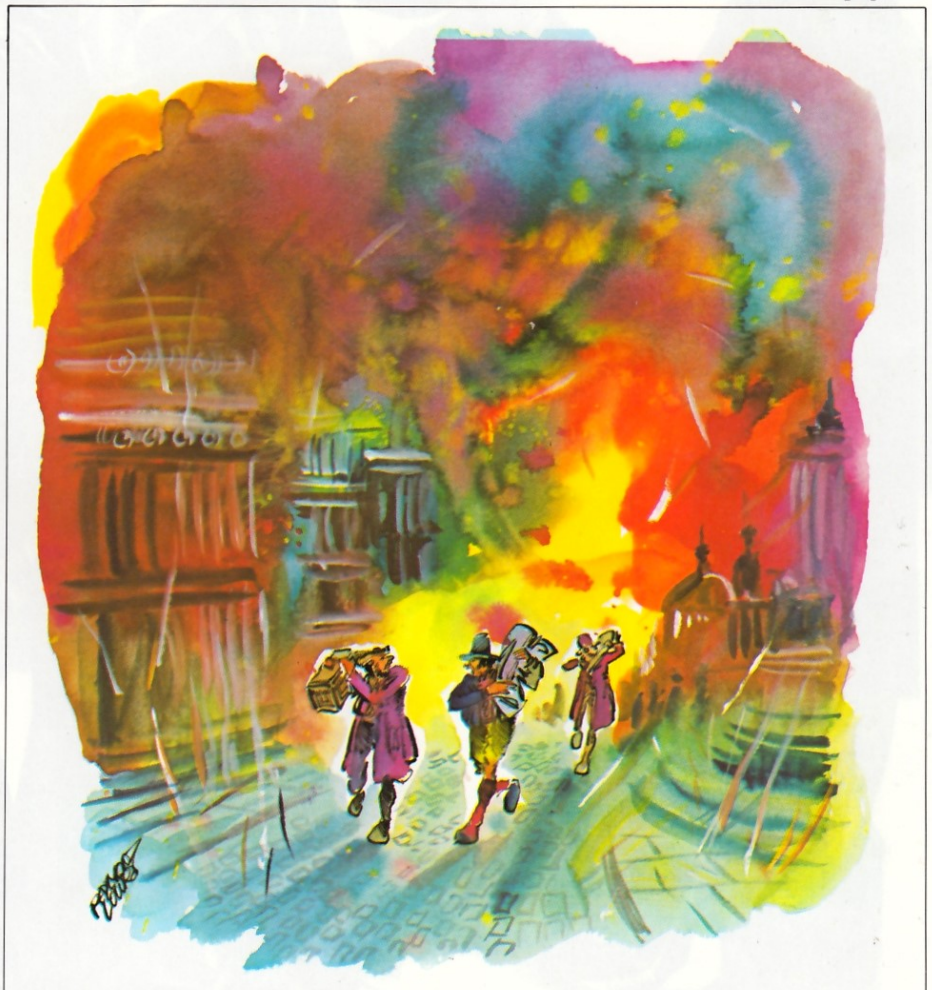
It was in Appleton, however, that young Ehrich made his first contact with the world of illusion when Jack Hoeffler's Five-Cent Circus descended on the town and the nine-year-old boy stood thunderstruck and open-mouthed at the marvels performed by a magician who styled himself 'The Great Merlin.' It was the start of a long road and from that moment on the boy became obsessed with the subject of prestidigitation and all aspects of the conjuror's and the magician's art. But it was not until his sixteenth year, by which time he was living in New York and working as a neck-tie cutter, that he discovered in a second-hand bookshop a battered volume entitled 'Memoirs of Robert-Houdin, Ambassador, Author and Conjuror, Written by Himself.' The book, written by a famous French Illusionist, Jean Eugène Robert-Houdin, was a revelation – in more than one sense of the word – and Ehrich Weiss stayed up all night to read it at a sitting. By the morning he had decided to embark on a career as a professional magician.

He teamed up with one of his friends, a young man by the name of Jacob Hayman, and they billed themselves as the Houdini Brothers. The name, Houdini, was Hayman's idea – a homage, he considered, to the memory of their great mentor.

It was a tough business but they managed to get regular bookings in Dime Museums and the less salubrious emporia of the vaudeville circuit – they had broken into the Small Time. Jacob was eventually replaced by his brother, Joe, and then by Houdini's own brother, Theodore. Their principal illusion was the locked and roped trunk mystery, a trick almost as old as magic itself, introduced to the general public by the great British conjuror, John Nevil Maskelyne, as early as 1865 and passed on to Houdini through the writings of his principal source of inspiration, Robert-Houdin.

The trick was an effective one: Houdini would step into the trunk in full view of the audience, his hands bound behind him, and his partner would lock him in, bind the trunk with heavy ropes and then pull curtains across, stepping behind them at the last moment. Almost immediately, Houdini would appear before the audience, his hands free, and with dramatic gestures, draw back the curtains, unlock and unrope the trunk to reveal his partner inside bound with the same ties that had formerly been on his own wrists. He called it, rather grandiloquently, 'Metamorphosis.' The only innovation was Houdini's handcuff release, in which he would extricate himself almost instantaneously (although behind curtains) from any regulation manacles snapped on his wrists or ankles, despite the fact that the audience were invited to supply their own cuffs and keep the keys. It was Houdini's own speciality, but

*turn to page 35*



*'Search me. I suppose it's another bloody silly City redevelopment scheme!'*

# The curse of the dusky Don Juans

Remember the Fifties? Ration books, tight jeans, jiving - and those sharks of the adolescent sex hunt: rich foreign students. Memories by Mike George

Along with many of you I was spawned in the dawn of pre-history, brought up as a war baby and then, ill prepared to cope, deposited on the doorstep of the groping and luckless early fifties.

Wherewithal money was acquired doing newspaper rounds, with-it gear was jeans and a check shirt purchased from Millets and sex was something a lot of people muttered about but had neither nous, knowhow nor car seat with which to be able to actually *do* anything about it. As though our natural adolescent ineptitude was not a big enough burden to contend with, the fifties also threw up another bogey against which to pit our pubescent wits. The overseas students.

I never could understand how a pimply faced, buck toothed, wiry haired 16-year-old French boy with glasses and thick soled shoes was automatically imbued with more sex appeal than his similarly endowed English counterpart: but apparently where our birds were concerned – he was.

Not that *all* this foreign opposition suffered so from the ravages of adolescence. One or two of the bastards were inordinately handsome and prematurely masculine with thick, tight curly black hair, Mediterranean swarthiness and Greek profiles and proportions. What chance did the 16-year-old ink-stained, black-headed Eddie Smiths of this world stand against that lot?

And these were just the Gauls. The really big guns, the killer whales of the circuit, well – they came in the guise of Medes and Persians. Oh, didn't they just!

☆ ☆ ☆

Deep in the confines of Drago's Bun Lounge several of our era sat huddled over its hot lemons ogling the stocking topped bird of 17 summers seductively straddling the plastic topped stool opposite. Like a growing mushroom she seemed to be ripening before our very gaze.

After much muttering about what we would like to do with her, interlaced with references as to how far Tony Higgins was reputed to have got with Liz Browne when they saw *Annie Get Your Gun* at the Roxy the previous evening – one of us eventually managed to control his adrenalin enough to get (albeit shakily) to his feet and stroll nonchalantly across to ask Legs if she would care for a Capucino when suddenly the whole carefully rehearsed scene was shattered by the roar and screech of something quite big and fast and colourful arriving in the gutter outside.

Legs uncrossed them rapidly, patted her hair, gathered her handbag and assumed the poised position. We thus precluded oiks lifted palms and eyeballs to heaven and

*turn to page 50*

ILLUSTRATION BY CARMO

# "No respect for their elders, that's their trouble. They think they know it all.

The other day, young couple walked into our local, asked for Canadian Club.

Young people and their blasted new ideas!"

Harry Chubb, Age 54

## "Keep your hair on, Harry."

Nigel Rowe, & friend
Age 25 & 22

Canadian Club is the taste of the young country.

Since 1858, people all over the world have enjoyed it on its own or mixed to their taste (with water, soda, ginger ale, or whatever they like).

Of course, we don't expect *everyone* to like its smoothness and distinctive taste.

Just people with open minds.

# Canadian Club, the taste of the young country.

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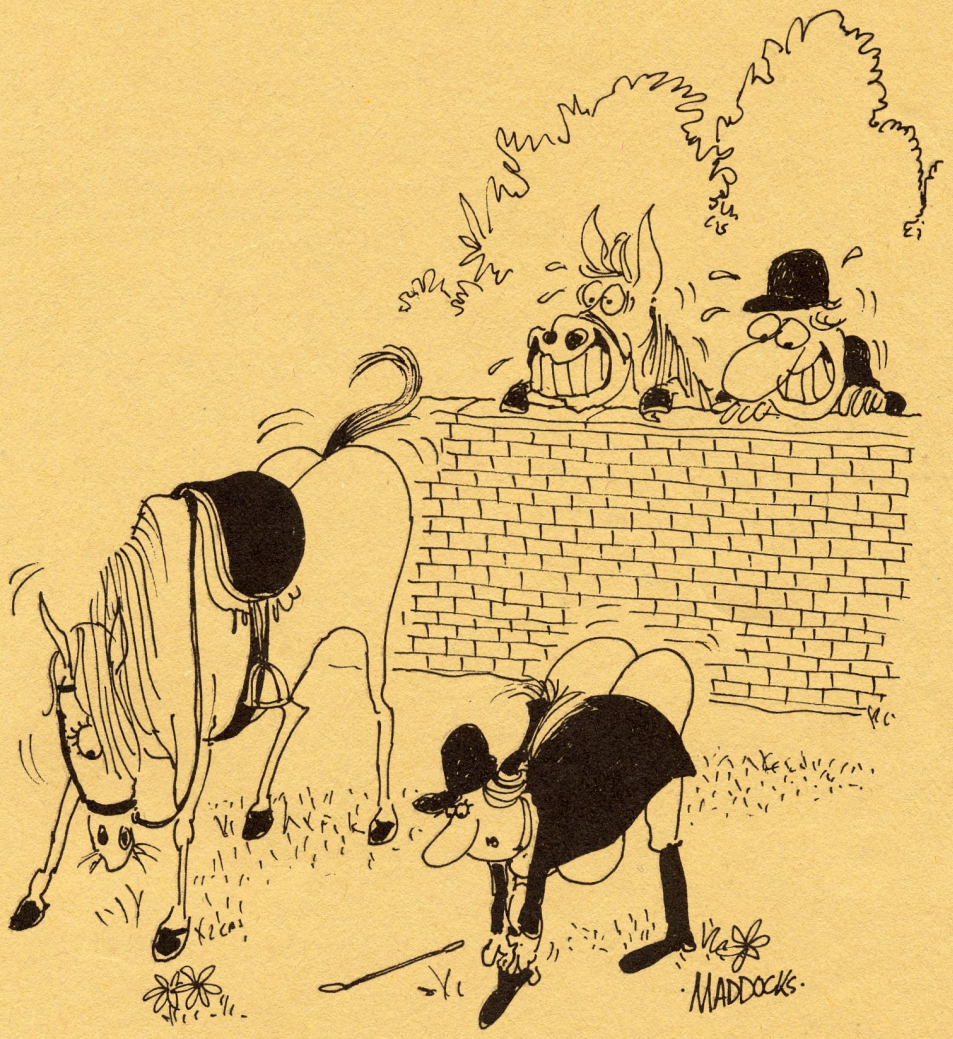
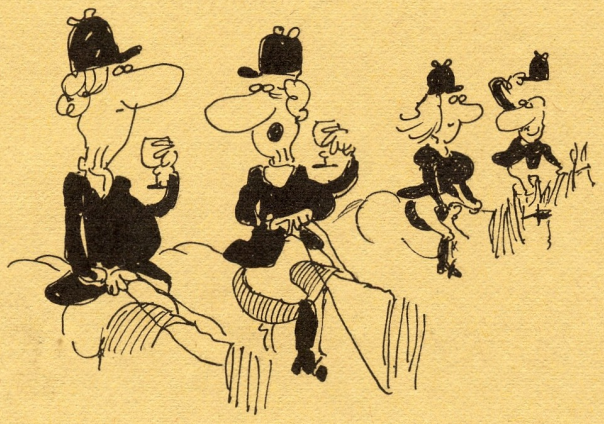
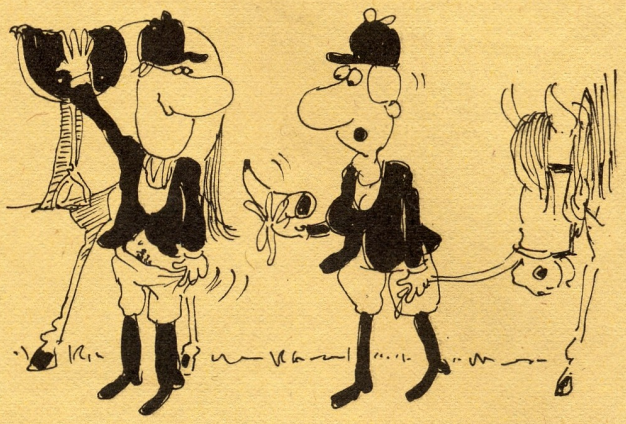



# Foxy Ladies

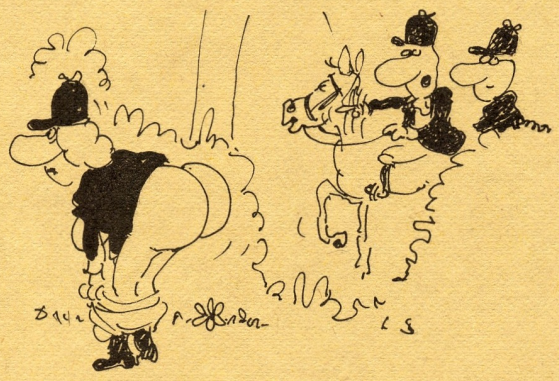
Peter Maddocks dons hunting blue and takes a sly look at the bugle-and-brandy set's forthcoming season



*'Now there's a young vixen that's already been through the pack.'*

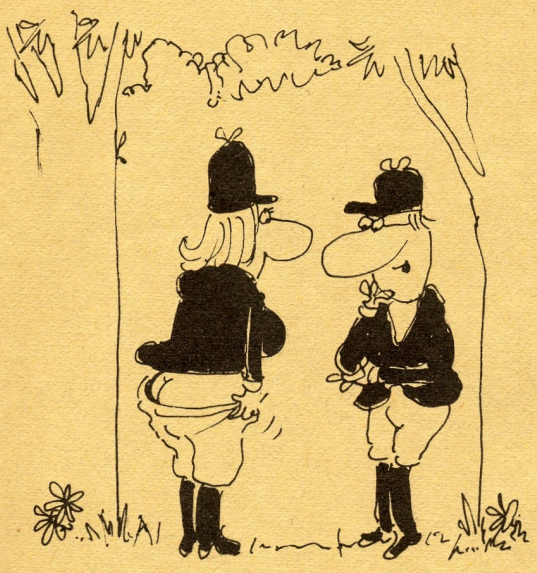


*'Harry, the horn has broken, have you got something else I can blow on?'*



*'I think I see a piece of tail sticking out from behind that bush.'*

*'Get the stirrup cup out again, George – I've just blooded young Jeremy.'*



*'Show me your brush once more then I'll know what to look for.'*

*'Someone should inform the master of the hounds that the old fox has found a hole!'*

*'My God – they've only gone to ground again!'*

# SECOND OPINION

## Mayfair's medical consultancy with Dr. Charles Vintner

This page is to help readers with medical and psychological problems they might find too intimate, or too slight, to take to their doctors. Dr Vintner's advice is meant to complement that of the reader's GP

*My fiancée is apparently suffering from a severe case of nymphomania. I have tried to the best of my ability but am unable to satisfy her sexual desires. What, if anything, can be done to cure her nymphomania?* L.T., Wells.

I wonder whether this is a real case of nymphomania or whether it is that of an over-active sexual appetite. Both may seem similar but there is a vast difference, for the real nymphomaniac lives in a world of perpetual frustration and can never obtain satisfaction from the sexual act no matter how many times she has intercourse. In these cases the girl could virtually have sex from morning to night, providing a supply of active males were available, and apart from being physically exhausted as a result her sensual needs would still remain totally unsatisfied.

On the other hand, a girl with a very heavy sexual appetite *does* obtain satisfaction from the act of coition and will no doubt have a series of orgasms. If your fiancée is simply one of the latter you will have to learn methods of pre-stimulating her and bringing about a series of orgasms manually or orally prior to actual intercourse. You should also try to learn to pace yourself so that you can maintain an erection for as long as possible.

If her condition is truly nymphomanic there is medical treatment available but success cannot be guaranteed in every case.

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*Friends of mine have told me that after treating a girl to a really lavish first date, she has 'come across' that very night. This has never happened to me – and not for want of trying – but do ordinary girls really behave like this, permissive society or not?* J.R., Bath.

Many girls who have extra special treatment in the form of, say, dinner and then the theatre will feel almost duty bound to 'show their appreciation' in a big way. On the other hand a simple evening with the record player and a bottle of wine could produce the same results. Nowadays people are far more realistic about sex, can talk more freely on the subject and it is realised that the woman's needs are often as strong, if not stronger, than the man's. If the essential attraction is there it does not matter if it is only the first meeting. Sex is far stronger than convention.

I get the impression that you are still partially clinging to the old tradition of women being sweet, fragile pieces of porcelain who have to be wooed over a long period. You would do well to remember a saying that is also from years and years ago which went: 'Even after an introduction, seduction is still, alas, seduction'.

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*My wife rarely reaches orgasm during intercourse and I believe that this is because I am unable to stimulate, or even locate, her clitoris. Can you advise me on finding her clitoris and how to stimulate it?* D.M., Edinburgh.

The clitoris serves as a receptor and transformer of sensual stimuli. It is located right at the top of the labia minora and in an unstimulated state is almost covered by the clitoral hood, being only just perceptible as a slight bump.

During the early excitement phase the glans of the clitoris swells in a similar manner to that of the penis and becomes quite hard. In some cases it can protrude visibly. As the labia in turn becomes engorged the clitoris retracts until it is almost covered by the clitoral hood again, hence the occasional difficulty in locating it during intercourse.

As with the penis the size of the clitoris varies with different people. The average size is generally considered to be between four and five mm in both transverse and longitudinal axis. But some have been found to be as small as one mm in transverse diameter while others have been reported to be over 10 mm in longitudinal axis. There are many women with an extremely protrusive clitoris which peeps outside the vaginal walls even during a state of complete passivity.

I make these points simply to illustrate the extreme range of sizes that can be encountered.

Apart from the clitoris, however, the mons area itself is an erogenic point. This is the portion of the lower abdomen laying more or less between the hips and directly below the navel. Here one comes down to the top of the vagina and the clitoris and the portion directly above the vagina is the area beneath which the shaft of the clitoris is located.

Gentle massage and kneading, especially if both hands are used to work towards the centre, is frequently more effective for the woman than direct stroking of the clitoris.

---

*A friend of mine who is married with three children has been taking young girls to bed with him. I know that his marriage won't survive this if his wife finds out. What can I do?* G.L., London N.10.

Invariably anyone who tries to help in these matters gets no thanks for it and can easily make matters worse. It seems unlikely that your friend's wife does not know about this if it is going on regularly.

Maybe she doesn't *want* to know. To tell your friend that he is in the wrong is to be faced with the question: 'What the hell is it to do with you?', but if you insist on pushing your oar in you could ask him if he is aware just how risky his actions are and the effect they could have on his marriage. But it would have to be a very diplomatic approach – the subject is loaded.

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*Dr Vintner welcomes your letters and all letters will be treated as confidential. No names and addresses will ever be published, but full names and addresses must be included in your letters. Your letters will be acknowledged by an acknowledgement sent in a plain sealed envelope. The name Dr Charles Vintner is a pseudonym for a qualified medical practitioner.*

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*DR VINTNER REPLIES ONLY TO LETTERS FOR PUBLICATION. NO CORRESPONDENCE WILL OTHERWISE BE ENTERED INTO.*

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*Address your letters to: Dr Charles Vintner, Mayfair Magazine, 95a Chancery Lane, London, WC2A 1DZ.*

# Don't blame yourself!

You mustn't blame yourself if you feel your performance isn't all it might be. Life today drains a lot from a man. You work hard and play hard. The pressure's always on. So naturally your performance tends to become a little dulled. Your stamina can flag and pleasures don't seem so deep or so lasting. But it's not your fault.

To really get the most out of life you need to regain your own peak performance – your own drive and thrust.
Blakoe can help bring it all back in several ways with a carefully designed range of products that help you tap your full resources.
Blakoe can bring you new depth and new feeling to all aspects of your life.
First, there's the now famous Blakoe Energiser. This simple, medically designed and approved device helps you shrug off dullness, giving you heightened pleasure and greater staying power, as thousands of active, virile men will testify. You'll want more and you'll get more from life.

And now Blakoe have introduced a range of aids for both men and women, all of which stimulate greater activity and desire. These are not novelties, but genuine, correctly designed products for use by everyone.

To complement these products, Blakoe also recognise the need to supplement the diet. Most of us miss meals or eat too much of the wrong kind of food. Blakoe can help fill the gaps in your diet to ensure that your body runs at full power. The supplements consist of a selection of quality minerals, fine vitamins and natural extracts that aid you in overcoming sluggishness. They ensure you stay in great shape – you'll feel really sharp by day and night.
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# BOOKS

## Arthur Pottersman

My literary perambulations this month have revealed a whole host of new chasms of misunderstanding between men and women. They seem to me to fall neatly into three types: too much, too little, and just right.

Too much came almost unobserved and incidental in the latest horsey thriller by Dick Francis **Slay-Ride**, (Michael Joseph, £2·20). The investigating hero is up to it in Norway, checking on a theft that turns out to be a murder. It doesn't take long for him to start fancying his Norwegian colleague's wife: a slender young 30-year-old with thick and pale blonde hair.

Kari is the kind of wife who gives little spouse-like indulgent shakes of her head at her husband one moment – and looks highly disturbing in a silky trouser suit the next. Our hero thinks about it – and her – and concludes:

'I didn't stay late. I liked looking at Kari just a shade too much . . . Some men felt profound gratification when others lusted after their wives, but some felt a revengeful anger. I didn't know what Arne's reaction would be, and I didn't aim to find out.'

All very fine and fair and good. But what about the wife's feelings?

Well, Kari made her wishes clear and plain. They amounted to: too much. Well, that's my interpretation of what turned out to be the perfect recipe for having it both ways – for being unfaithful, and not being unfaithful, all in one squirming set of hips. The husband-wife-friend trio go out to a posh restaurant in Oslo, where it turns out you can also dance. This is how our hero found it:

'She smiled and moved forward until our bodies were touching at more points than not, and no woman ever did that unless she meant to. What we were engaged in from that moment on was an act of sex: upright, dancing, public and fully clothed, but an act of sex none the less. I knew theoretically that a woman could reach a vivid orgasm without actual intercourse, that in fact some could do it when all alone simply by thinking erotic thoughts, but I had never seen it happen before.

'It happened to Kari because she wanted it to. Because she rubbed closely against me with every turn of the dance. Because I didn't expect it. Because I didn't push her off.

'Her breathing grew slower and deeper and her eyes lost their brightness. Her mouth was half closed, half smiling. Head up, neck straight, she looked more withdrawn and absent-minded than passionately aroused. Then quite suddenly her whole body flushed with heat, and behind her eyes and right through her very deep I was for almost twenty seconds aware of a gentle intense throbbing.'

The girl said thank you, then simply broke away and went to sit down. Too much, you see. I mean, what's a fellow to do about that? Deal with the unscratchable itch later on by himself? Not much fun, at that rate. All too civilised himself, our hero eventually said: 'More coffee?' What he really wanted to say was: 'Damn your eyes, you selfish little pig.'

You see, porcine abuse isn't a female prerogative!

Now at the other extreme, I take a cue from a curious throwback to historical romantic literature, **Lord Richard's Passion** by Mervyn Jones (Quartet, £2·75). This is about a young aristocrat who falls in love with a beautiful young aristocratess.

But she can never return his amorous passion because once she beheld a foul lecherous deed.

First, a contrast with the male lover: his first sexual experience, with a very jovial and of course beautiful young whore, was all wild excitement, release and triumph of the body, and in the morning he admired the woman at his leisure:

'All over her body, her skin had the same softly luminous colour as her face, as if sunlight ran in her veins. Her breasts had blue circles round the nipples. Extraordinary thing – or did all women have that, he wondered? The hair between her legs was jet black, tightly curled and very short. Perhaps she trimmed it as he trimmed his moustache . . .'

But the young lady he falls in love with had long been soured for sexual love by a chance stumble into her adulterous older sister's bedroom at one of those country house parties that Victorian England was famous for:

'All the bedclothes on Celia's bed were thrown back; and an enormous creature was bouncing up and down on it – up and down, up and down, with a rhythm that was ferocious, frenzied, yet also systematic, determined, ruthless. She grasped – within seconds, but by distinct stages of understanding – that the creature was a man . . . His face was pressed into the pillow . . . He had a line of hair down his back, hair on his behind, thick hair on his legs . . . Celia was underneath him, pinned down and pounded by his thudding weight. Her eyes were wide open and staring at the ceiling, her mouth was wide open too, and her expression was so strange that, if Ellie hadn't known this was Celia's room, she might scarcely have recognised her. It was an expression of – was it intense pain, was it fear, was it madness or some mysterious trance? A low throaty moaning escaped from her in time with what the man was doing to her. This sound too was strange, as if a voice that wasn't Celia's were coming from Celia's mouth. As the man had taken possession of her, so he had transformed her.'

Highly mystical, highly charged, and just the thing to put a young and impressionable girl off sex for life!

But if all losses of virginity are as happy as this one, glimpsed en passant in James Baldwin's bitter new novel **If Beale Street Could Talk** (Michael Joseph, £3·00), then there's hope for us all yet that things can turn out 'just right'.

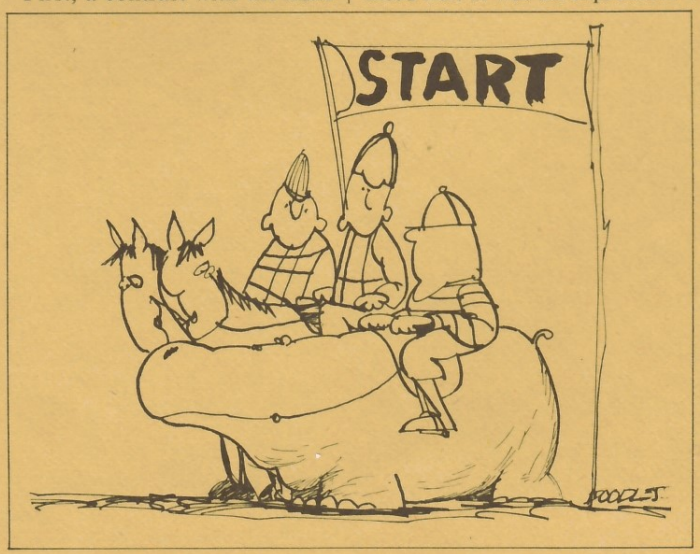
First the man pulled his girl down, so her head was in his lap. She felt his sex stiffening, and also realised that he was about as frightened of it all as she was supposed to be! He kissed her face, then her breasts, and then his hands were all over her body. He opened her thighs and kissed the inside of her thighs. Now they were lying together, naked.

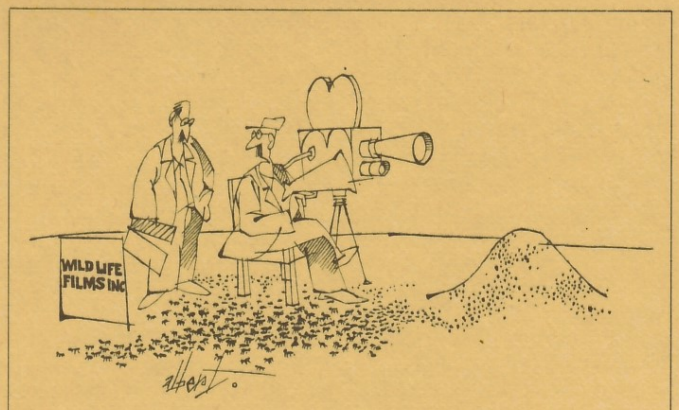
'I felt his long black heavy sex throbbing against my navel . . . Then he moved down, and his sex moved against my opening. It was a strange weight, a presence coming into me. I almost screamed, I started to cry: it hurt. It didn't hurt . . .

'Something broke and a scream rose up in me but he covered my lips with his lips. And now I was open and helpless and I felt him everywhere. A singing began in me and his body became sacred – his buttocks, as they quivered and rose and fell, and his thighs between my thighs and the weight of his chest on mine and that stiffness of his which stiffened and grew and throbbed and brought me to another place . . .

'I felt it coming, felt myself coming, going over the edge everything in me flowing down to him, and I called his name over and over while he growled my name in his throat, thrusting now with no mercy – caught his breath sharply, let it out with a rush and a sob and then pulled out of me . . .'

Well, it may sound like coitus interruptus to you and me, but to some folks it sure is sexual entertainment.






*'Has anyone seen the leading lady?'*

# FILMS

## Gerald Cole

Be thankful, lady readers, that you never spent your young girlhood in turn-of-the century Vienna. There, the height of male seductive sexuality was a quick lunge in semi-darkness, twenty seconds of indifferent thrusting and a cheery goodbye – and all, you will be amazed to learn, without the male half even removing his trousers. Or so we are led to believe from **Dance of Love** (X). A permissive version of Arthur Schnitzler's famed *La Ronde* – it consists of ten sexual encounters, one partner of each continuing into the next episode to justify the dance metaphor. Since the dialogue rarely rises above the level of 'No, no, I can't – well all right, if you're quick,' the main interest of the film centres on what each successive leading lady will take off next. Sad to say, it's a forlorn endeavour. Tomboyish Maria Schneider – looking distinctly in need of an enriched butter diet after *Last Tango in Paris* – is wrestled out of her clothes to thigh level, but the most delicious lady is undoubtedly blonde Sydne Rome. A chambermaid, she is seduced – fully clothed – by a soldier in long grass and goes on to tempt her employer's son. He, obligingly, bares her splendidly shaped breasts – but that's all – before the regulation twenty seconds up her petticoats.

The most erotic moment in **Confessions of a Window Cleaner** (X), oddly enough, is one of the most comic. Seized upon by a nymphomanic housewife the young hero (Robin Askwith) leaves the kitchen tap running on some washing up liquid. Within moments the couple, humping nudely on the kitchen floor, are covered in foam and their lusty exertions only serve to propel them bodily out the door. *Confessions* details hero Timothy Lea's eventful first week on the job – naturally in every sense. Full frontals abound and so do former *Mayfair* maidens, including Glenda Allen (caught full frontally in a shower), Katya Wyeth (bare-breasted, while she allows our hero to remove her panties) and a bra-less Jenny Westbrook.

Unlike too many British sex comedies it treats sex in a pleasantly jokey and un-nasty way, which is refreshing, and cameo roles by seasoned performers like Dandy Nichols, Anthony Booth and Bill Maynard generally raise the level of the proceedings. Reality, however, is treated strictly with erotic licence. If ants were the size of dogs, I was once told, they would be serious contenders for top species on Earth. Luckily a dog-sized ant would be crushed insensible by gravity. **Phase IV** (A) avoids the problem by endowing ant-sized ants with super intelligence. Two scientists (Nigel Davenport and Michael Murphy) spot these super ants in a remote Arizona valley and set up a laboratory close by to observe them. Battle ensues and it gives nothing away to say that the ants win. Superbly photographed – including some gruesome shots of flesh-eating ants on the rampage – it's a curious blend of recent scientific romances, from *The Andromeda Strain* to *2001,* complete with banks of computers and a suitably mind-boggling, if enigmatic, ending.

# DISCS

## Peter Hopkin

The history of jazz piano playing falls into two main periods: from the late 19th century ragtime to around 1940 and from the forties to the present day. During the early years the pianist had to provide his own accompaniment which was a strong, relentless beat known as the 'stride' style. Even when he played in a band the pianist still provided a rock steady rhythm but played the notes with his left hand and the chords with his right. The later period saw the arrival of the 'trio-conception' piano accompanied by bass and drums. The pianist now provides an accompaniment with both hands which underlines the chordal progression and rhythmically stimulates the melodic statement.

**A Jazz Piano Anthology** (CBS 88061) is a specially priced two record set of mono recordings. The first record deals with the early years and the second from the early forties onwards. Side one opens with Eubie Blake playing 'Sound of Africa' followed by James P. Johnson and Fats Waller. Then comes the father of 'Boogie Woogie' Jimmy Yancey, pitching boogie with 'Bear Trap Blues.' Next one of the most delightful pieces on the album, 'In a Mist' played by Bix Beiderbecke, who was famous as a cornet player.

A dazzling virtuoso performance of 'Tiger Rag' by Art Tatum opens the second side. Then a number from Teddy Wilson precedes the percussive 'Boogie Woogie Prayer' on two pianos by Albert Ammons and Meade Lux Lewis. Mary Lou Williams, Clarence Profit and Mel Powell follow and, to end side two, there is 'Way Back Blues' featuring Count Basie and 'Yearning for Love' by Duke Ellington.

The second record begins with Thelonious Monk, one of the most inventive jazz musicians, playing his own composition 'Round Midnight.' Bud Powell, Erroll Garner, Hank Jones and Dave Brubeck follow, and then a number from John Lewis of the MJQ. Lewis is one of the most 'bluesy' of pianists.

Side three ends with Horace Silver playing an excerpt from 'Silver's Blue.'

On the final side we have Ahmad Jamal, Red Garland, Ray Bryant, Dave McKenna and Bill Evans. Ending the album comes 'Port of Call' featuring the brilliant Cecil Taylor.

Ella Fitzgerald is, technically, the best equipped vocalist ever to grace the jazz scene, having an amazingly wide vocal range, literally perfect intonation, and an acutely sensitive ear for harmonic changes. She also has the knack, usually limited to instrumentalists, of weaving improvised variations on the original written melody. She is able to pitch her voice, intervals and abstruse combinations of intervals which should in theory be beyond the range of the non-playing artist.

But it is aesthetically that her biggest impact is made on audiences.

There is a lilting lullaby quality which renders even commonplace material moving.

There is now available a mono double album **Ella Fitzgerald sings the Cole Porter Songbook** (Verve select double 2683044). The songs on these LPs stretch right across Cole Porter's professional spectrum from 'Let's do it' written in 1928 to three numbers from the score he composed for 'Can-Can' twenty-five years later. Among the thirty-two songs contained in these four sides are 'Anything Goes,' 'Miss Otis Regrets,' 'Just one of those things,' 'I love Paris,' 'What is this thing called love?', 'Night and Day,' and 'I've got you under my skin.' Cole Porter, the lyric writer, went in for cunning rhymes and for immortalising the passing phrase. On these recordings Ella Fitzgerald adds her technique, flair and a kind of emotional brooding which can turn any song into a marvellously moving artistic statement.

Of the fifties re-release collections one of the best is by the Everly Brothers, entitled **Don & Phil's Fabulous Fifties Treasury** (Janus 6310 300). Remember numbers like 'Bye Bye love,' 'Wake up little Susie,' 'Bird Dog,' 'All I have to do is dream,' and 'Till I kissed you?' They're all here plus many more in a feast of fifties nostalgia. Most tracks are mono-enhanced stereo, others are stereo and one is mono only.

# LET US POINT OUT...

**Penny Irving (above), centregirl of Vol. 7 No. 12 is the nude centre piece of Mayfair's five issue bargain deal. Just £1.55 buys you Vol. 6 No. 7, Vol. 7 Nos. 1, 2, 3 and 12.**

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# NIGHTLIFE

## Kenneth Dowd

'Time' is a word capable of striking fear into the hearts of many good men, and this article is about time.

I refer of course to the time that is spent in pubs – not in prison. And in view of the considerable length of time that is spent in pubs it seems only right to jog your minds about the magnificent diversification of the London pub scene at the present time and bring your notice to a few innovations.

Did you know, for instance, that there is now a pub in London with a barber's shop in it? It is situated in, of all unlikely places, Harrods in Knightsbridge, where the recently opened **Green Man** offers draught beer and sandwiches and a genuine pub atmosphere while you wait for your short back and sides.

Apart from barbers' shops, London pubs provide a remarkable range of entertainments which are mainly free of charge: there are pubs with music, with striptease, with music-hall, with theatre, with steel bands, with drag shows, with gardens, with games and with pretty barmaids.

The free music can be found most easily at the **Nashville,** right next to West Kensington underground station. Quite large country and western bands play every night and artistes sing the hill-billy songs.

Free jazz can be found at Jimmy Delaney's spacious pub the **Kensington** in Russell Gardens, W14, where modern jazz is played every evening.

Mainstream jazz can be heard at the **New Merlin's Cave** in Margery Street, WC1, where you can catch Wally Fawkes on his clarinet and such great names as Bruce Turner and George Melly who have been seen there often. The real Trad and New Orleans jazz is to be heard at the **White Heart** in Drury Lane, WC2. It is, in fact, possible to choose exactly your sort of music and hear it free in the considerable number of suburban pubs which also specialise in jazz.

For free music-hall possibly the best pub is in the London docks, where the **Waterman's Arms** in Glenaffric Avenue, E14, puts on shows nightly. Outside this pub is a good cockles and whelks stall. There's also the **Windsor Castle** at 30 Harrow Road, W9 if you live in West London.

Free theatre, poetry readings and art exhibitions can be found in Soho's varied selection of pubs and if you wish to single out the sound of a West Indian steel band then go to the **Albany Tavern** in Great Portland Street, W1 on Wednesdays, Fridays and Saturdays.

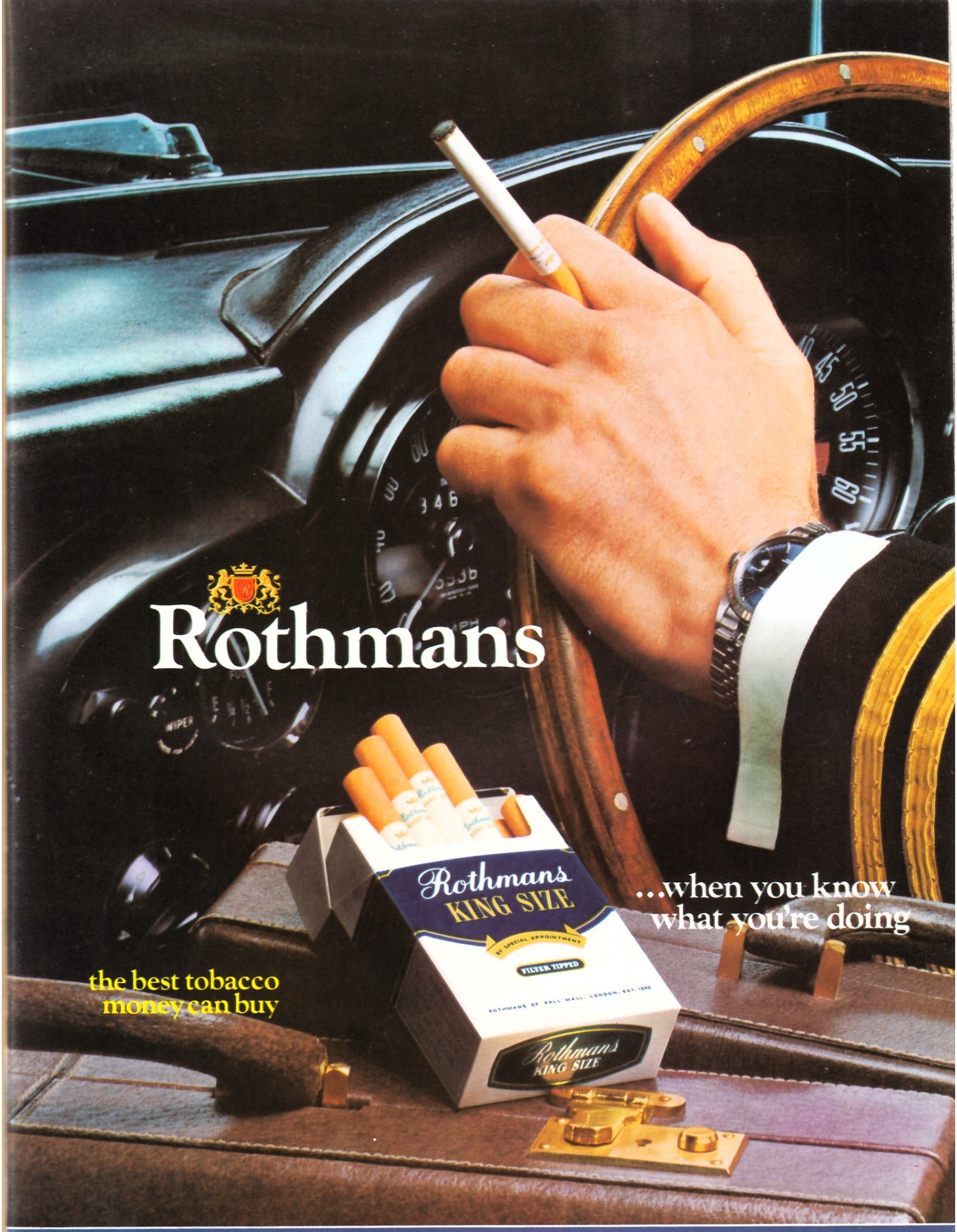
Strip acts are commonplace in London pubs, along with go-go dancers. Even a serious pub like the **Audley** in Mount Street, W1 allocates its downstairs bar to a go-go dancer. (I go there for the excellent turkey sandwiches in the ground floor bar). Although the Audley was rebuilt only a few years ago, the decor has mellowed into an almost exact replica of an Edwardian pub-parlour, and really should be seen.

Free drag-shows can be seen at the **Royal Vauxhall Tavern** in Kennington Lane, SE11 where they dance on the bar. There is also the **Black Cap** in Camden High Street, NW1 if you want to sit down.

The game of viewing the pretty barmaids can best be played in a pub called the **Red Lion** in Waverton Street, W1 where the landlord has established a reputation for the loveliest girls behind the bar, including one who appeared nude in *Mayfair* earlier this year.

However, Alastair Greig still has the reputation for the best red meat in a London pub with his wonderful selection of Angus beefsteaks which are piled up next to the charcoal grill for you to make your selection in the **Guinea** in Bruton Place, W1.

Since I have spent this article on telling you where to get everything free in London pubs, I should point out that Alastair's steaks are the exception. Although they are a little expensive they are the best. And remember to book if you're going to the Guinea – it's very busy, too.

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Sip slowly, and wait for a bolt out of the blue...

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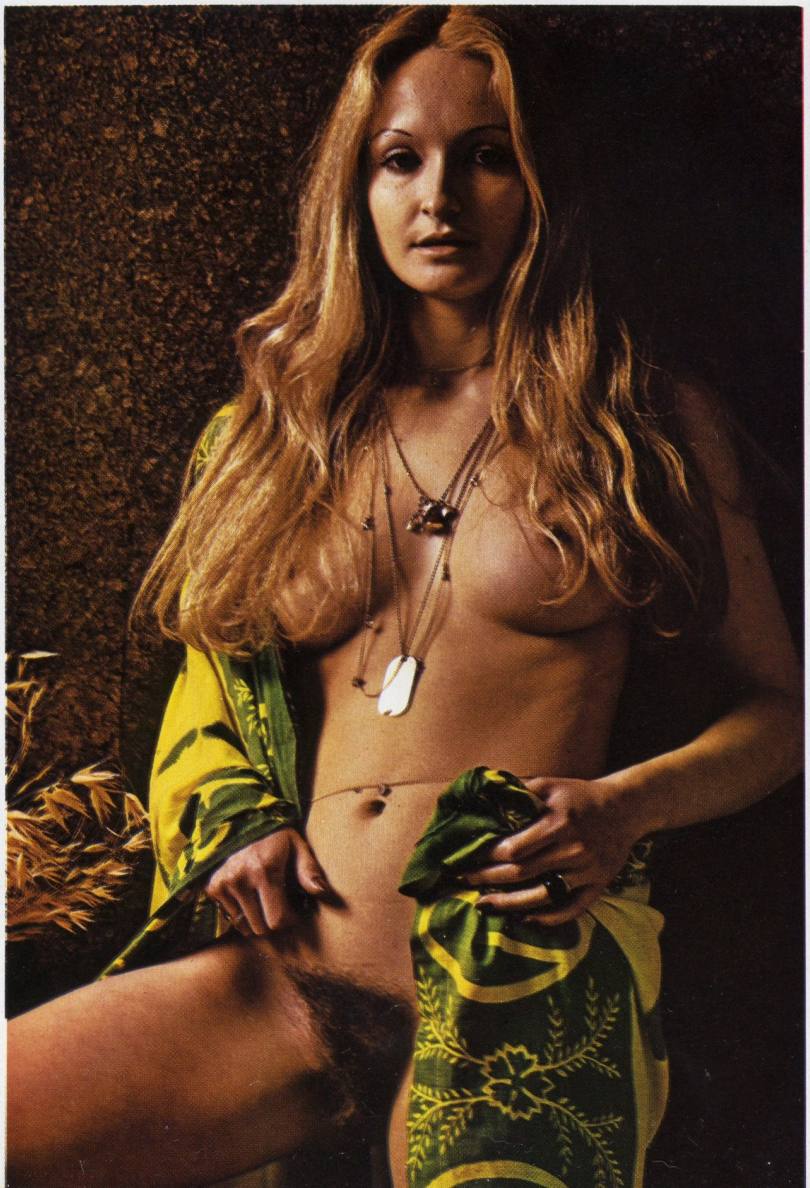
# ROSEMARY-JANE

PHOTOGRAPHED BY CLIVE McLEAN

Visitors to the stately home of Longleat, Wiltshire, on a hot summer Sunday earlier this year were treated to a display not to be found in any guide book. The sight of twenty-one year-old Rosemary-Jane Elliot's bare bottom and soft pubic tangle on view just to the left of Longleat's refreshment area caused many a head to turn while countless ice-creams dripped unheeded from their cones. 'It was,' recalls Rosemary-Jane, 'very embarrassing at the time, though it all seems rather funny now. I'd been staying with some friends in Bath, and we all thought Longleat would be a nice place to spend Sunday. You know to see the lions and everything.



On the journey there, I got really hot, so when we pulled up for petrol, I nipped into the ladies loo and took my tights off. I was wearing one of those nice floaty smocks which aren't at all daring, so I thought I may as well go the whole hog and take my knickers off too. It was so lovely and cool, that I forgot I had nothing on underneath. We got to Longleat, and were going to have a drink when one of my friends dropped something from her purse, I bent down to pick it up when a gust of wind blew my smock up.' With the 36 of a five feet, five inch, 35–24–36 on view and her smock billowing, small wonder that Rosemary rivalled the lions.

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By Appointment to Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth The Queen Mother Suppliers of Brandy & Martini Vermouth Martini & Rossi Ltd., Brentford

# An amusing little twist

Take a thin sliver of lemon peel.

Hold it one inch above the surface of your dry martini.

Twist sharply to release the aromatic oils. Then drop the peel into the glass.

This little ritual will do wonders for your reputation as a man who knows his dry martini.

That's assuming you've used genuine Martini Dry in the basic mixture. If you haven't it'll take more than a bit of lemon peel to sharpen up your image.

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MARTINI

# The right one for the dry martini

# HOUDINI

*continued from page 15*

in those early days the feat received only a lukewarm reception – and Houdini was gradually to learn that it was often the easiest escapes that produced the most applause.

In all he spent nine years touring the dime museums, medicine shows and beer halls of the United States. Theo returned home, temporarily, but in 1894 Houdini married Wilhelmina Beatrice Rahner – Bess – a tiny, modest young thing from Brooklyn, New York and thereafter she worked as his assistant. It was love at first sight and the partnership was to prove as enduring offstage as it was on.

Uncannily like some Tin Pan Alley musical with John Payne and Alice Faye, the Houdinis got their great opportunity to move into the Big Time when they were discovered and signed up by impresario, Martin Beck, to take top billing in his Orpheum Vaudeville circuit. Harry was doing well with a challenge escape act where he would defy the local police chief in whichever town they were appearing to lock him up in the local jail – he always got out successfully – but somehow American audiences were not yet ready for the Great Houdini and at the end of the tour the two of them were back once more on the Dime Museum circuit.

It was a traumatic moment and it resulted in the most far-reaching decision of Houdini's life. Completely unannounced, with only his American press clippings to vouch for him, he decided to go to Europe. It was an outrageous gamble but it was to pay off in spades and it would prove the turning point of his career.

On the way over he discovered the one situation from which he would never be able to escape – seasickness – and he was wretchedly ill for the whole voyage. Once ashore, however, he recovered quickly and bounced jauntily into the office of a London theatrical agent to try and sell his act. By a great stroke of good fortune he picked on a young and inexperienced agent who was completely mesmerised by Houdini's barnstorming style. He took Harry and Bess straight round to the Alhambra Theatre and introduced them to the manager, C. Dundas Slater.

Slater was an old hand and not so easily impressed. He had had unfortunate experiences with 'challenge' acts before and was decidedly dubious about Houdini's claims that he could escape from any handcuffs. Things might be easier in the States, he inferred, but over here manacles such as they used at Scotland Yard were made to hold. Quite unabashed, Houdini suggested that they went round to Scotland Yard right away where he could justify his claim. This time even Slater was impressed.

The interview, with a Superintendent Melville, duly took place and the police officer, with tolerant good humour, told Houdini to stretch his arms round a pillar and then snapped the regulation handcuffs on his wrists; after which he and Slater walked towards the door, saying they would return when the young man had exhausted himself. Before they had the door of the room open, there was a clatter of metal on the floor and Houdini was with them saying 'Hold on, I'll come with you.' He had freed himself almost instantaneously.

That did it. Slater was completely sold on the Houdini act and they opened at the Alhambra within two weeks. The opening night produced some genuine drama and an instant success beyond Houdini's most extravagant dreams, largely accounted for by the unexpected appearance of a challenger who announced himself as the Great Cirnoc, the Original Handcuff King, and leapt up onto the stage denouncing Houdini as a fraud and imposter.

Only momentarily disconcerted, Houdini soon got the measure of his opponent and whispered to Bess: 'Get the Bean Giants.' This outsize pair of manacles had been designed by Captain Edward Bean of Boston who had offered a reward of $500 for anyone who could release himself from them. Houdini had accepted the challenge and released himself within a few minutes – although he had forfeited the prize by refusing to reveal the method he had used. Now, dangling the monster cuffs in his hand, he offered Cirnoc $500 on the spot if he could solve their secret and free himself. Somewhat taken aback by this counter attack, Cirnoc frowned uncertainly and said: 'Let's see you get out of them.' Without hesitation, Houdini extended his wrists and, in full view of the audience, allowed the gieves to be locked on him by Cirnoc himself. He then retired into his cabinet and within seconds reappeared, his

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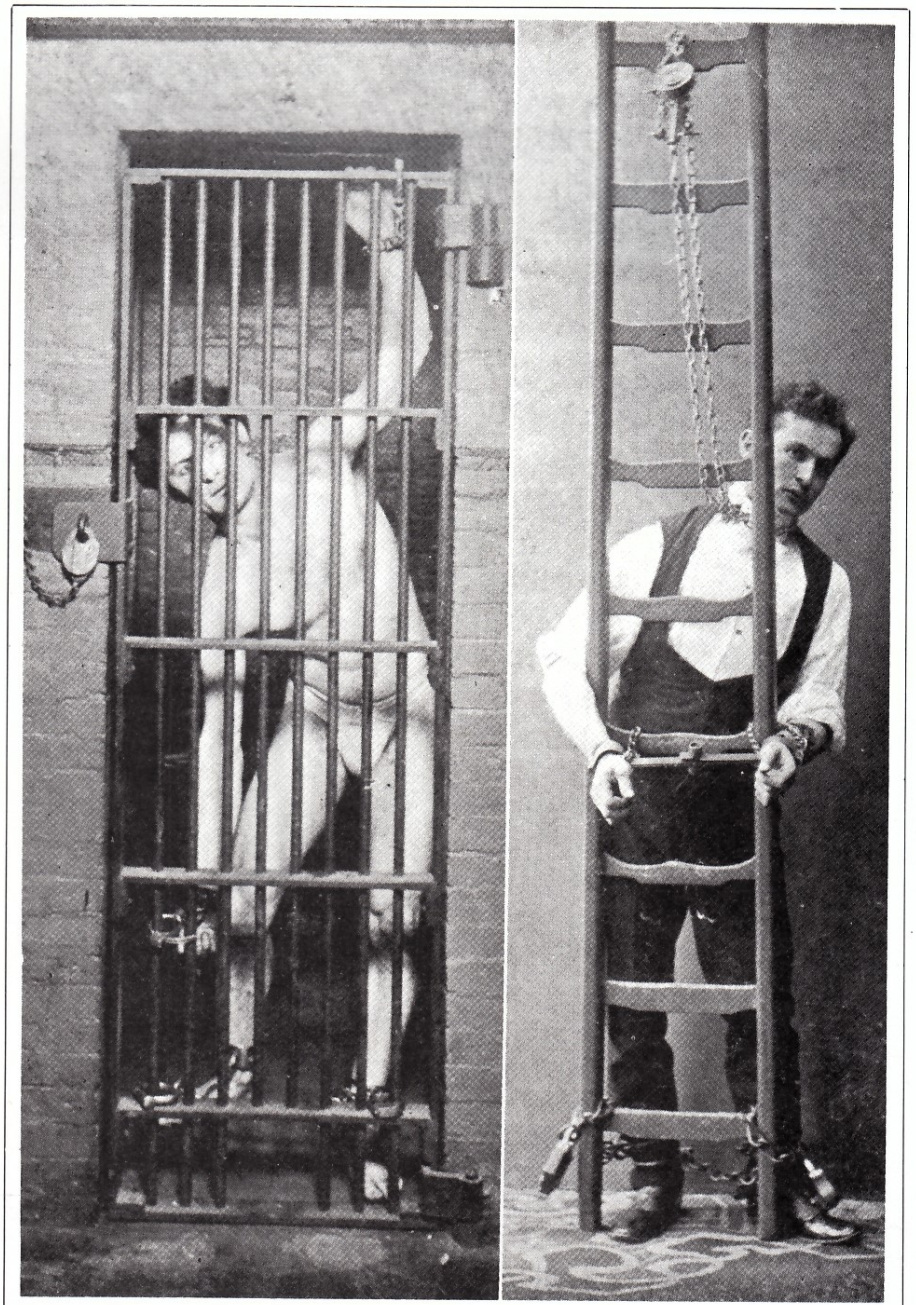
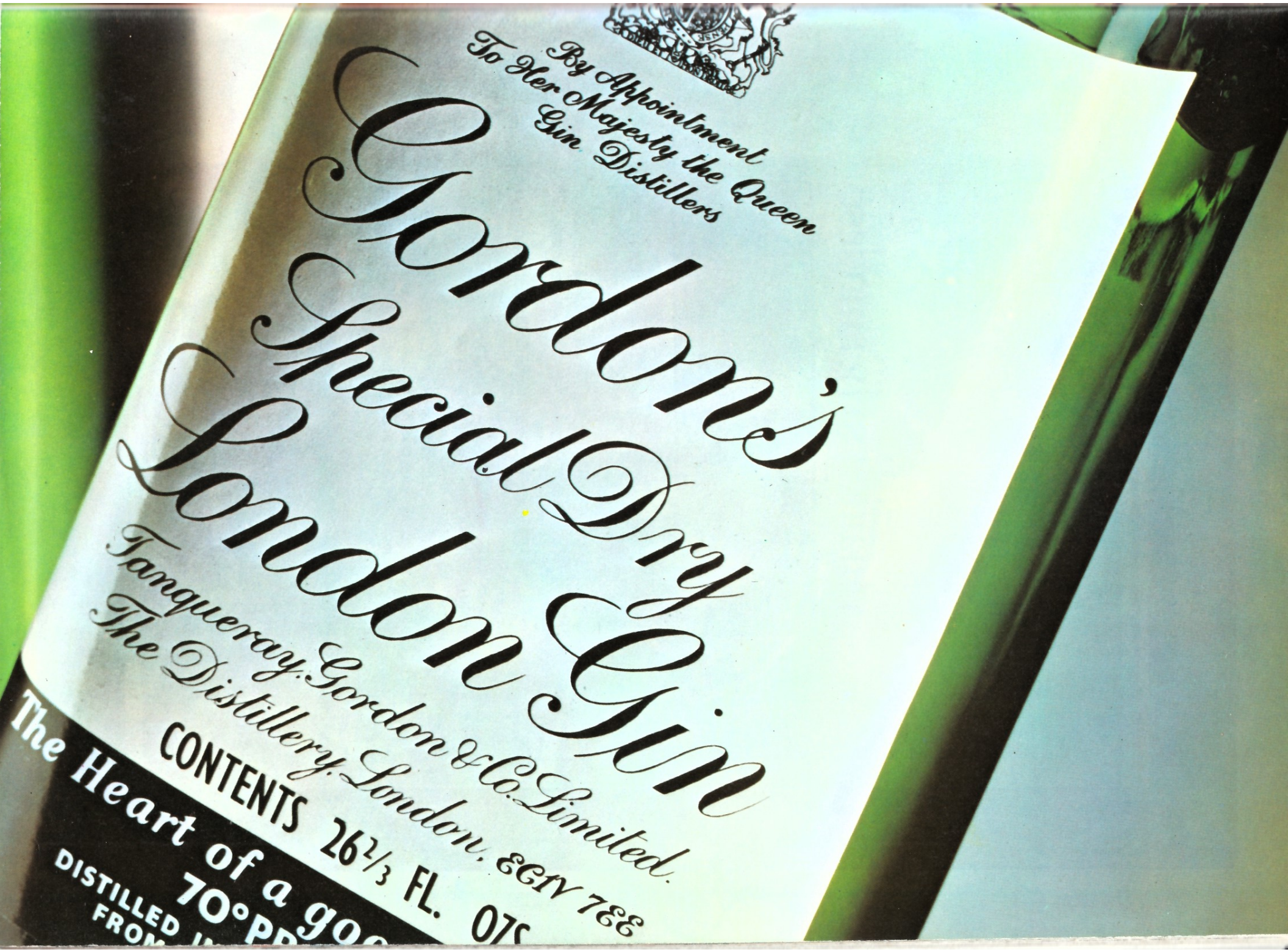


*Two of Houdini's difficult escapes. Left: from a cell. Right: on his successful 1901 German tour. He made a point of challenging local prison authorities wherever he went.*

Gordon's
It's got to be Gordon's.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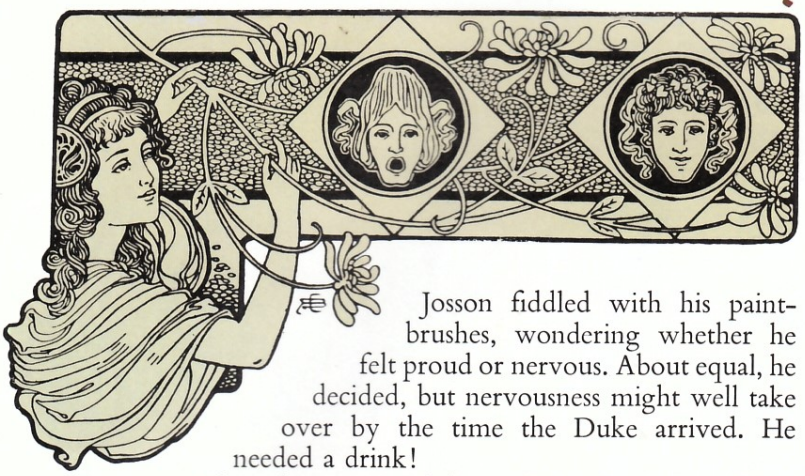
Josson painted Agnes nude - to remember her beauty and her passion. He was not to realise that the portrait could ruin him

A Medieval Bawdy Tale by Colin G. Davis

# A maiden in her modesty



Josson fiddled with his paint-brushes, wondering whether he felt proud or nervous. About equal, he decided, but nervousness might well take over by the time the Duke arrived. He needed a drink!

When the master of the studio had announced that the newly ennobled Duke of Valbriers, having obtained his grant of arms, was coming personally to choose the design, he'd emphasised the unusual honour. It was almost unheard of for the nobility to visit the studio; usually they dealt with the heralds. It was, he said, as though the Duke had descended to the kitchens to watch his dinner being cooked. To Josson he confided: 'To be honest, it's not meant as an honour – he believes in doing things for himself.'

'A prudent man – or mistrustful,' said Josson.

'Maybe. Either way it's not fitting behaviour for a Duke.'

Josson smiled to himself. His master clearly regarded the noble client as a parvenu. There were admittedly some grounds for this

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# Peter Stuyvesant smoothest by far.

PS 11

EVERY PACKET CARRIES A GOVERNMENT HEALTH WARNING

# A maiden in her modesty

(*continued from page 38*)

opinion. The Duke had his new bride to thank for his title, not to mention a great deal of money and the kinship of one of the most powerful families in France. The Lady Eudeline was reputedly very beautiful, but not even the least cynical thought he'd have spurned her had she been ugly.

It was said she had a fiery headstrong temperament to match her beauty. Her family were glad to have married her off, though they probably regarded her husband much as did Josson's master. The Duke was notable for his prowess in battle rather than more courtly virtues – even the tournaments he regarded as a poor substitute for real fighting. But their daughter was taken by his forthright character, and he wasn't too bad a match, as news of his exploits had reached as far as the Court.

Anyway, Josson could forgive his master's old-fashioned judgement, for he was very kind to Josson and clearly regarded him as his eventual successor. It would be a good few years yet, but one day he'd be master. Once he'd have sneered at the idea; he'd wanted to be a 'real' painter, not a journeyman shackled to the set, stylised forms of heraldry. But a young man without important friends, or strings to pull, found it hard to find a patron, and at last he'd opted for security.

All this musing didn't alter the fact that he was nervous. It was no use – he had to have a drink. Making sure the master wasn't about, he made for the little room where he kept his few possessions, mostly favourite paintings of his youth – and a bottle of wine.

He relaxed, swilling the wine thankfully round his mouth, and leafed idly through a stack of paintings. Ah, this was the one, carefully wrapped. Putting down the wine bottle, he took the picture on his knees and studied it pensively.

It was a half-length portrait of a young girl, nude, with pale skin and luxurious red hair. Not great art, Josson admitted, though he'd thought it was at the time. It was rather crudely executed, but it had life and freshness, probably due to his passion for the subject. The picture held memories . . .

☆ ☆ ☆

Josson – a youthful Josson, his body tingling with the sap of young manhood and his spirit with the easy, arrogant ambition of the unproven – Josson smiled at the portrait of fiery-haired Agnes, the paint scarcely dry. Grudgingly he covered it and put it away. Agnes didn't know of its existence – he had painted it from memory – and he wasn't sure she'd be pleased. Not that she was prudish, heaven knew! But when he'd asked her to sit for an ordinary portrait, she'd refused with some vehemence.

Still, the real girl would be here any minute. Artist though he might be, he was also a man. He took a hasty look round his modest quarters. Clean – that was the most Agnes expected, for she seemed to enjoy the rough simplicity. On the table were bread and fruit, nothing more. Agnes always brought food and wine, and of superb quality. Josson thought she must be stealing it, but had learned not to question his mistress about her comings and goings. She'd come into his life through a chance meeting in the countryside, and he'd never discovered who she was or where she came from. He suspected that she would one day vanish as suddenly and mysteriously as she'd come; they lived for the moment and never talked of the future.

'Josson!' a voice called softly, and there was a tap at the door. She deliberately took her time putting down what she was carrying, and Josson slapped her bottom. She said 'Ow!' and wriggled her hips sensually.

'Impatient!' she said with mock severity.

'I am – and so are you.'

'Of course, but we must eat. No doubt you need no such aid, but I must bolster my strength to withstand your fierceness.'

'Words! You have a clever little mouth.'

'How clever, you shall see . . . and feel. Now pour the wine.'

The wine was magnificent, and the food, delicate cold meats, worthy of it. Was she a servant in some rich merchant's house? *Never mind, enjoy the food, and her, while you can.* They ate.

Agnes finished her wine first, and Josson amused himself by drinking his with tantalising slowness. She smiled, knowing what was in his mind. She always did.

'If you keep me waiting, I may grow impatient and leave!'

'You'd not reach the door.'

'Would I not?' With feline quickness she sprang from her stool, but Josson, though less graceful, was quicker. He caught her wrist, flung his other arm round her waist, and they tumbled headlong to the floor. They lay breathless for a moment, then her arms went about his neck and their mouths sought each other. When they stopped for breath she said plaintively: 'You are cruel – you have bruised me!'

She pulled her skirt up to her waist, revealing a tiny graze on the white skin of her thigh.

'A kiss will heal that,' said Josson, and pressed his lips to the warm flesh. He kept them there for a moment, then let them stray to the sensitive inside of her thigh. He bit, very gently, and she gasped. Her hand, which was resting lightly on his head, stiffened and pressed it closer.

He moved very slowly, with little nips, and feathery flicks of his tongue; she was trembling now, and her fingertips beat a tattoo on his shoulders. Fighting his own desire and her rising insistence, Josson prolonged his caresses until her body arched from the floor convulsively, then he struck as though seizing an enemy; she cried out and her hips rose even higher to meet him. Her head rolled from side to side, her hair flailing. Very soon her whimpers mounted to the sustained wail of climax. Josson almost went with her.

Josson gathered up her inert form and threw her onto the bed. Tearing off his own clothes, he got ludicrously tangled, and Agnes, wriggling in the afterglow, mocked him affectionately. Finally free, he stopped her laughter with his lips and lowered himself thankfully onto her. He watched her face as he entered her soft warmth: her sharp intake of breath and the widening of her eyes were the same as ever, a simple response which unfailingly filled him with tenderness. Tenderness, he had learned with Agnes, could raise lust to a new intensity without being devalued itself.

Agnes soon matched his rhythm with renewed ardour and when, his face buried in her soft shoulder, Josson reached his peak, she almost surpassed her previous eruption. Josson rolled onto his side, taking her with him, not withdrawing but lying quietly and feeling himself shrink slowly within her. . .

☆ ☆ ☆

'Josson! *Josson!*'

Who the . . .? Josson struggled to focus his attention.

'JOSSON!'

The master burst into the room.

'In the Devil's name, what are you doing, sitting there getting drunk when the Duke is coming? Come and help me!'

'Sorry,' muttered Josson, climbing to his feet, 'I wasn't getting drunk – just thinking.'

As he followed his master along the

*'She wants to play the winner.'*

passage, he hitched his breeches uncomfortably: reminiscing had called at least something to attention, as it were.

His day-dreaming had filled the waiting minutes, and now there was no time to be nervous. The last frantic scurryings froze abruptly into respectful silence as the ducal party made its entrance.

There were few in the party, and only two who counted – the Duke in resplendent clothes, and a fat elderly man in sombre ones. This was the Bishop of Valbriers, who had taken the Duke under his spiritual wing, having judged him a good prospect in terms of power and wealth. He humoured the Duke by accompanying him on these outings; besides, a bit of apparent humility was good for his own image.

The Duke was big, striking rather than handsome, with an air of confidence and impatience. He addressed Josson's master without preamble.

'The heralds tell me you have the best artists – who is the best of *them?*'

'Wh – why, it is Josson here, my lord.'

Josson was hustled forward and subjected to a moment's keen-eyed appraisal.

'Well, young Josson, you shall help your master to make me my arms. Do a good job, and I'll see your name becomes known.'

There was an unspoken promise of something nasty if a good job was *not* done. Josson bowed and mumbled a pledge to give of his best. But the Duke was not listening – he had turned away and was discussing the design with Josson's master and the Bishop. Josson hovered respectfully. After all, he was part of the team – in fact he'd do most of the actual work.

The Duke's servants had produced the rough sketches and notes which the heralds had made to his instructions.

'I have, with the help of my Lord Bishop,' (was there a hint of sarcasm there?) 'chosen this as my Arms, and I have come here to choose the best models. Every part must be the best of its kind.'

Josson's master pored over the sketches, muttering to himself.

'. . . A sword in bend . . . on a canton . . . a maiden's head couped at the breast . . . a most handsome choice, my Lord. The sword – you wish to see how good a sword we can paint? Josson . . .'

Josson assembled sketches, paintings, and finished shields, and soon enough the Duke, paying token attention to the Bishop's suggestions, chose a sword. A model, he emphasised, which must be surpassed. The final choice to be made, and the most important, was the maiden, 'a maiden's head couped at the breast', that is, the nude figure of a girl from the diaphragm up. A maiden was to be included, the Bishop declared unctuously, as token of the beauty and virtue of the Duchess and the Duke's love for her.

And an adroit bit of flattery to her family, thought Josson's master, but he said: 'I have it, Josson – that half-length portrait you cherish so much. Here is your chance to immortalise it.'

Josson resented sharing his beloved memento, but he could hardly refuse, and went to fetch the picture. Scarcely had he left the room when there was a commotion from the front of the building, followed by the swift but stately entry of a sumptuously dressed young woman, trailing breathless servants. The Duke and the Bishop gasped in comical unison, but nobody noticed; all eyes were on the Duchess. The Duke, no doubt hardened to shocks on the field of battle, recovered first.

'I – I understood that you were ill with a headache. And furthermore, did you not say that nothing would make you accompany me on so boring a visit?' This last was said with the exasperation of the soldier, used to giving orders, who has discovered the joys of coping with an unpredictable woman. The Duchess was unabashed, even amused.

'I am recovered. I changed my mind,' she said firmly, dismissing her husband's points *seriatim,* and as if to snub him for questioning her turned away and addressed the Bishop.

'And you, my Lord Bishop, what do you think of the choice of arms? Do you find it worthy of my Lord the Duke . . . and my family?'

That pause was fractional, but she made her point – her husband had no pedigree, she was part of a noble and powerful family. The Bishop hesitated, not wishing to take sides.

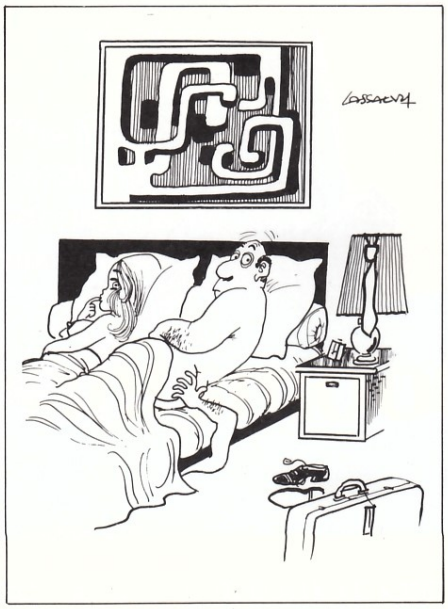
'Ah, well, my Lady, it is suitable . . . yes, most suitable.'

That seemed safely neutral.

'What are we awaiting now?' asked the Duchess brightly, 'Ah, I see – the maiden. I trust my Lord will be satisfied. He has a connoisseur's – or a hunter's – eye for maidens.'

There was an embarrassed silence. Actually the gibe was unfair, as the Duke had more sense than to philander since his marriage. The responsibility of being first to speak was removed, to everyone's relief, by the entry of Josson carrying the portrait. Lovingly he put it down, still wrapped, turned to his master for further instructions, and saw the Duchess.

The double-take which Josson achieved, could it have been preserved and passed down the centuries, would have served as inspiration for generations of comedians. The Lady Eudeline, Duchess of Valbriers, was his Agnes.



Of course she was changed. In the metamorphosis from girl to woman, her former calm self-assurance had become something very like arrogance. All this was emphasised by the splendour of her dress, and the elaborate coiffure of that magnificent red hair.

'Josson!' said his master sharply, 'Don't stand gaping, show us the picture. I am sorry . . .' He turned to make an apology for Josson's behaviour, but the Duchess silenced him with a wave of her hand.

'Before we continue, tell me who this young man is. Is he working on the coat of arms?' Something in her voice, a hint of mockery, sent a chill down Josson's already trembling spine. She knew him! She meant to have a little game with him, knowing he would not dare to reveal anything. She, on the other hand, knew nothing about the portrait.

'Josson is my best artist, my Lady,' the master was saying, propelling his dazed protégé forward with an elbow in the ribs, 'and he is indeed working on my Lord's arms.'

Josson genuflected clumsily before Agnes – no, damn it, Eudeline, the *Lady* Eudeline! – avoiding her eyes.

'What contribution are you making to this masterpiece, Master Josson?'

He had to look at her now she was speaking to him. She was good. No trace of guile showed on her face, and the inflections of her voice bespoke nothing but her evident disrespect for the Duke's armorial aspirations. He felt a little less nervous and tried to put the portrait out of his mind.

'My task, my Lady, is to paint a maiden's head couped at the breast.'

The Duchess smiled.

'You must excuse my ignorance of the terms of – blazon, is it called?'

He'd suspected she wouldn't know heraldic terms, and she knew he knew. Some sort of tenuous rapport, if hardly equality, had been established. Suddenly he wondered, how many others had enjoyed her clandestine favours. Not too many, he hoped.

'Forgive me, my Lady,' Josson bowed, 'It is the head and bust of a maiden – an unclothed maiden.'

The smile remained on her lips, but her eyebrows rose a trifle, and her eyes, which had registered innocent amusement, were now expressionless. Not quite expressionless, rather blanks in which Josson was invited to read whatever he chose.

'I trust you are sufficiently familiar with unclothed maidens to make a good picture . . .'

Josson swallowed. If she knew she was the model! But the conversation got no further, for the Duke, perhaps reminded of her earlier taunt, interrupted impatiently.

'The picture! I want to see the picture – show it to me.'

If by sheer force of wishing Josson could have made the floor open and engulf them, it would have happened. As it was, he froze. His master, hastening to do the Duke's

*turn to page 49*

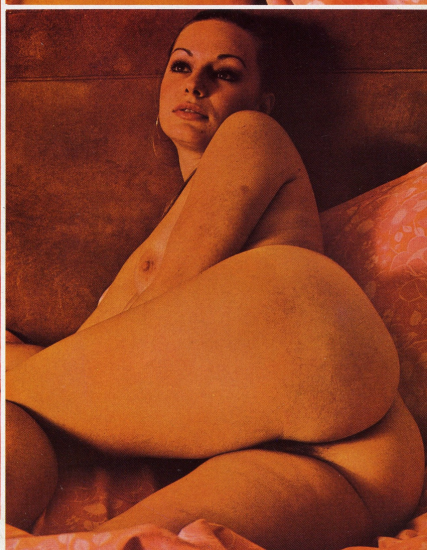
# NOILLY. The French.

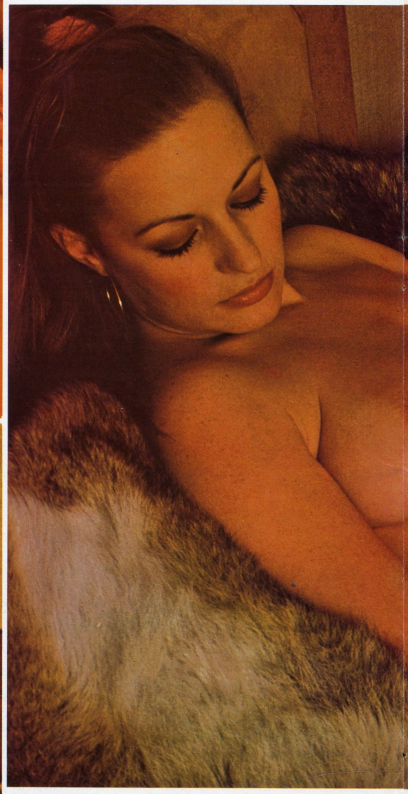
Experience makes it.
Maturity makes it perfect.
Lemon makes it tangy.
Ice makes it cool.
Tonic makes it sparkle.
People make it special.
NOILLY PRAT.
Peculiarly French.

# Paula

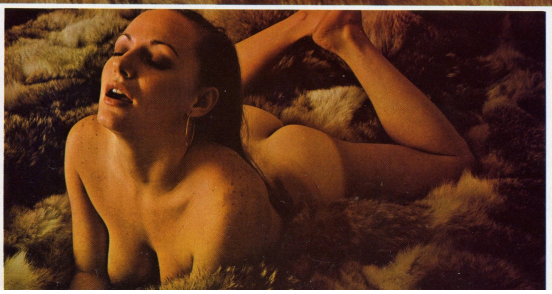
PHOTOGRAPHED BY ROY BREWINGTON

Paula Marvin drives men to distraction. In a white Ford Escort fitted with dual controls and L-plates front and rear. Not that Paula's a hare-brained learner either, for her work as a driving instructress in her native north-east entails bullying and encouraging pupils through their test. 'It takes most men a while to recover from the shock of being taught how to drive by a girl,' lightly laughs





25-year-old Paula, 'they see it as a threat to their masculinity. When they've got used to the idea, they start trying to date me instead.' The sight of Paula's long-legged five feet six inch, 37–24–36 must make it hard for her pupils to keep their eyes on the road, and she admits that attention does wander from time to time. 'On one occasion,' she recalls with a slight blush, 'I was wearing a blouse which was unbuttoned to reveal rather more than I had intended. I'm afraid the poor man I was teaching got so interested in my boobs that he drove into a traffic bollard. I don't know which of us was the more embarrassed afterwards! Still I think it taught him not to ogle while driving!'



# Which Carlton will you be giving this year?

Choosing Christmas presents is never easy.

Of course when it comes to cigarettes Carlton is the obvious choice.

But then Carlton comes in three sizes. So you're back to square one.

A word of comfort though – whichever size you decide on, you can be sure you're giving a great cigarette.

Available in: Special Drum of 50 King Size, 40 King Size, 40 Long Size and 60 Premium.

PCA 34 K

EVERY PACKET CARRIES A GOVERNMENT HEALTH WARNING

# A maiden in her modesty

(*continued from page 42*)

bidding, took up the painting, twitched it from its wrapping, and smilingly held it up for all to see.

Now the portrait, as we have said before, was somewhat primitive, so it was not an instantly identifiable likeness. As we have also said, the Lady Eudeline had altered since the youthful Agnes days. So there was not a gasp of horrified recognition from the company; anyone seeing a similarity would have thought it coincidence.

But the Duke and the Duchess were staring hard, and Josson, silently cursing that stubborn floor, knew exactly why.

Beneath the right breast of Agnes in the painting – and hence of the Duchess – was a small but highly distinctive mole.

Doctor Johnson remarked that when a man knows he is to be hanged in a fortnight, it concentrates his mind wonderfully. Josson expected something worse than hanging, in much less than a fortnight. With detached curiosity he wondered what were the thoughts of the other two. Obviously the Duke had heard rumours about his wife's past. Both would wish to keep the scandal from common knowledge, so whatever was in store for Josson would be done secretly. Perhaps if he fled the moment they left the studio . . .

The Bishop innocently broke the silence.

'A most beautiful piece of work, is it not, my Lord?'

'What? Oh . . . assuredly,' replied the Duke with an effort, darting a gorgon glance from Josson to the Duchess and back.

'As I said,' continued the Bishop, blandly insentient, 'It is a most touching and proper tribute to my Lady the Duchess, to incorporate a maiden in the Arms.'

The Duke nodded. Ordinarily he would have cut the Bishop short and got on with the business in hand, but he was fully occupied controlling his rage.

'There is one thing I would venture to suggest, with my Lord's permission,' the Bishop went on. 'That is, that some small modification be made in the posture of the maiden. I am fully sensible of course, that there is nothing improper in the nakedness of heraldic figures; perhaps it is merely the antipathy towards the flesh natural in one of my vocation, but could the maiden not be depicted with her, her bosom covered?'

Josson's master spoke up.

'If it pleases my Lord, the figure could be shown so,' he placed one arm modestly across his chest (normally Josson would have smiled at the sight). 'We call it "a Maiden in her Modesty." '

' "A Maiden in her Modesty",' repeated the Bishop with professional reverence. 'A beautiful term . . . and how apt, how apt! A fitting homage to the peerless modesty of the Duchess.'

The Bishop bestowed a fulsome smile like a blessing on the company. Josson smiled thinly and looked at the ceiling. The Duke quivered. The Duchess, who had recovered her self-possession, smiled sweetly.

'You do me too much honour, my Lord Bishop. But I must confess that your taste is, as ever, faultless. The Maiden shall be depicted as you suggest.'

She turned to her husband.

'Do you not agree, my Lord? I think the design most pleasing, and I'm sure my father will, too.'

The Duke's eyes bulged. His mouth opened and closed, but no sound came out. He closed his eyes for a moment as if in prayer, digesting the implications of his wife's remark. In mentioning her father, she was again reminding him that he dare not ignore her whims.

'As you say, my Lord Bishop's taste is faultless. The maiden shall be shown as you say – "a Maiden in her Modesty". Then all the world shall know what reverence I have, for the modesty of my own dear Lady.'

Again he glanced from the Duchess to Josson. Everyone else, unaware of his sarcasm, smiled sentimentally and sycophantically, particularly the Bishop.

'By Saint Bodo, we are all privileged to be present at this auspicious moment!'

Though of course the Bishop disapproved of oaths in general, he often permitted himself this exception, since his promotion from Abbot many years ago had stemmed from the canonisation of a humble monk in his abbey, Brother Bodo.

(Bodo is a somewhat obscure saint, seldom mentioned by hagiographers. The events leading to his canonisation were recounted in *Mayfair* Vol. 9 No. 6).

The Bishop's words met with general approval, and Josson's master, who had sensed the tension without knowing its cause, beamed proudly and patted his protégé on the back. Josson smiled as best he could, tremulous with relief though uncertain whether relief was justified. Although he didn't fully grasp the Duchess's social hold over the Duke, he realised that she had command of the situation. The main thing was, he wouldn't be summarily executed; probably he'd have time to make his escape.

The business was brought rapidly to a close, the Duke clearly anxious to leave. Josson, still dazed, got only a hazy impression of the proceedings. He realised his master was talking to him, proudly and enthusiastically describing the superb job they'd make of the Duke's arms, the fame and lucrative commissions that would come to the studio as a result. The studio of which Josson would one day be master . . .

This brought Josson to himself. There was a job to be done – or abandoned. His share of the fee would be a welcome addition to his savings, if he was to flee. And since the Duke, however galling he might find it, couldn't get out of his commitment, Josson was probably safe until the work was finished. He relaxed and accepted the wine his master offered.

Surprisingly Josson slept well that night – perhaps his brain had absorbed all the shocks it could take and decided to have a rest. Next morning he plunged cheerfully into his task; given the circumstances, it would be amusing portraying that maiden for the Duke. He had not been working long when one of his colleagues approached, grinning.

'Hey, Josson, there's someone with a message for you.'

'Send him in, then.'

'It's not a him – it's a her. Wait till you see!' This with a leer. 'Anyway, she's from the Duke, so you'd best jump.'

The Duke! Josson jumped. Wiping his hands on his smock, he hurried into the yard. There, demurely disregarding the lecherous glances of every passing male, stood an extremely pretty girl.

'I'm Josson. You come from the Duke?'

'Well, not from the Duke really – from the Duchess,' replied the girl in a low voice, with a meaning glance around.

Josson ushered her indoors and through the studio to his own quarters.

'Now,' he said, closing the door, 'What have you to tell me?'

She looked at the ceiling for a moment, eyes half-closed, as if trying to remember a lesson.

'My mistress said – she said she understood that when you have finished the Duke's arms, it might be you would think of moving from the district.'

She paused and Josson replied impassively: 'That might be. Go on.'

'She said, it might be wise if you did, and you should not worry about employment, as she knows of a nobleman who would give you a job on her recommendation.'

Josson, smiling inwardly, inclined his head. 'Your mistress is most generous. I was thinking of moving on. Did she say anything else?'

'Yes, she thought you might need a model for your work. She said it must be difficult using imagination only.'

*An impudent stroke!*

'And whom did she suggest for a model?'

The girl smiled coyly.

'She thought I might do.'

'How thoughtful of her,' said Josson warmly. 'Would you like to start now?'

She smiled again, quizzically this time.

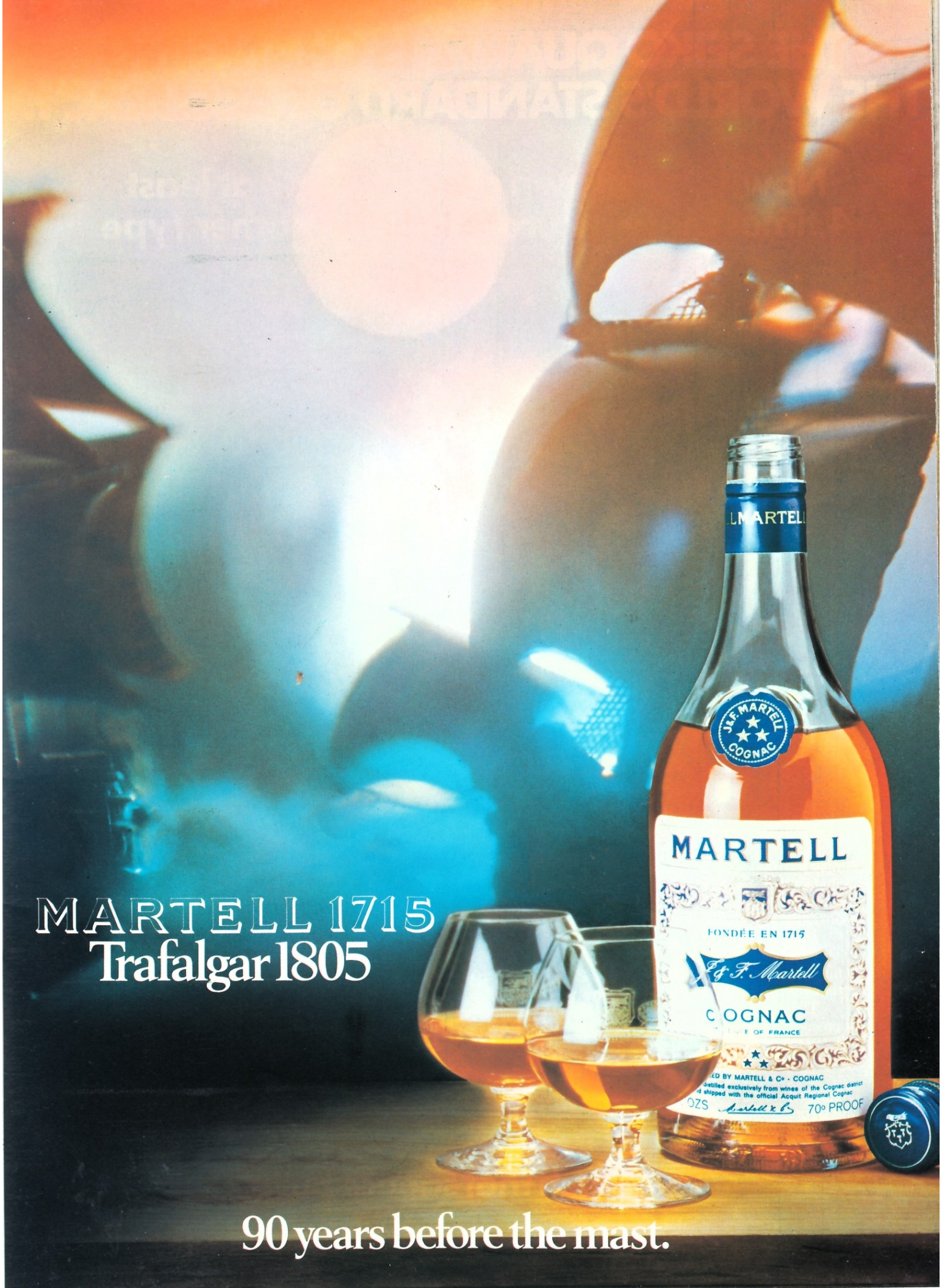
'My mistress thought you might want to make an immediate start. She sent this for our refreshment . . .'

She uncovered the basket she carried. There was food, and a bottle of wine.

*'I'd like something that's aimed at the sophisticated reader, which is well written, intellectually stimulating with a good plot and story line and colour photographs of young women with big breasts.'*

**The curse of the dusky Don Juans**
(*continued from page 17*)
sucked noisily on our straws to register weak and disregarded disapproval at the pending rape of English maidenhood. Drago's Bun Lounge hung in its pall of fag smoke like a scene from *High Noon* (due at the Roxy the following week).
The flash fiscal onslaught of white Triumph had conveyed red shirted, black-leathered, -haired, -eyed Ivan the Beautiful swaggering into Drago's because thanks to Dad's bountiful bit of desert he had it made . . . Turk, or Persian or Iraqui. Or any other damn thing but down-at-crepe-heeled callow, sallow Brit.
Aged 17 to 25 these former day coffee bar Sharif type cowboys just could not lose. For some unaccountable reason blonde haired Mary Jones in her last year with the VIth Form seemed to prefer being wined and dined along the coast in a top down Maserati with a perfumed, sloe-eyed wog and later (or sooner) dispensing her fondle favours with him – than she did paying for herself to sit with me in the Roxy's stalls and ride home on the number nine bus afterwards. Her loss, you will agree.
Memorable, for example, was the evening in the Spring of '59 when The St John's Road Church Youth Club Annual Social and Dance (Admission 6d) was raided by half a dozen Persians who had lost the address of their own party and heard the gramophone music grating through the window of our church hall as they prowled past in their fleet of multi-coloured Porsche Ferraris.
All was going smoothly inside (birds one corner, giggling, blokes huddled, other) and Jeremy Thistlethwaite was just changing a record when the door swung open to reveal the gold toothed leer of the slim hipped Magnificent Six just in from Mecca.
'Oh, yes,' said 12 Islamic eyes, flashing.
'Oh, sir,' said the male contingent of St John's Road Church Youth Club edging towards the curate.
'Oh, look,' squealed their pubescent womenfolk, fluffing their frills and flounces and trying to look disinterested.
'Oh, Christ,' said the curate. With a lisp.
'Oh, no,' said Miss Chapman our hardy perennial harmoniumist, striding forward purposefully in St John's hour of need to do her thing for England and The Cross against these Saracen invaders.
'Good evening,' she said stout heartedly. 'May I help you young gentlemen?'
The Persians misunderstood and thought she was inviting them to dance. Looking at each other and shrugging their shoulders at the formidable female infidel they easily ignored her, broke ranks and started sidling across towards our cooing girls. Undeterred, brave little Miss Chapman adopted a Memsahib stance before the leader of the tribe and said: 'I'm afraid I shall have to ask you and your friends to leave, you know. This is a private dance and you have to be a youth club member and attend three meetings before you can come. And besides, you haven't paid your sixpence.'
Persian Leader handed her a fiver, Jeremy Thistlethwaite accidently dropped his needle arm and Bill Haley rocked to life for the umpteenth time that evening. Raising his eyes to Allah, Persian Leader took Miss Chapman's hand and with an expertise born of much practice got the old thing reluctantly tripping the light fantastic while her tweed skirt flipped at its hem and our invincible curate who had harboured fantasies of her since his childhood, cowered behind the stage under the pretence of putting the kettle on.
The rest of our birds coyly rose to accept the gold ringed, brown hands being gently proferred to them and diffidently (at first) proceeded to do their own frenzied little bit for England.
Us? Well. We skulked, didn't we! Into our plastic beakers of squash. And muttered. And felt impotent, weak, inadequate and wanting. And cross. And chicken.
My bird – whom I had been eyeing up for a month and had nodded to on the way in – which was the accepted way in those days of chatting them up and letting her know you had marked her out for your next kill and thought she had smashing 15-year-old tits and looked great now she only wore flatties to school and had got her first pair of high heels . . . was also dancing with one of the well-laced stiletto pushers whose gypsy princess mother had married an oil well.
Hitching the snake's head clasp belt onto the hips of my heavy duty, baggy, grey, shapeless trouser tubes I glanced manfully at Tony Higgins who was making the same Gary Cooper-like adjustment to his own nether garments. To no avail. We were bitched and we knew it. Glowering through hooded lids at the back of one Arab as he flashed past with Maureen Pritchard, Tony hissed: 'I'm going to go to Persia and slowly work through the female populace of that chap's father's camp . . .
We glanced admiringly at Tony who knew

*turn to page 66*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The quartz in a Seiko Quartz watch oscillates at precisely 16,384 times per second. This rate is tailored to the design of the watch, making for optimum accuracy.

Then, by means of a brilliant piece of micro-circuitry, the oscillations are translated into a constant, one second pulse (you'll notice this on the second hand – it moves in precise one second steps).

To-day, Seiko sell more quartz watches than anybody else in the world.

Every single part of every single Seiko Quartz watch is designed and made by Seiko themselves – thus each component complements and works perfectly with every other component.

Factors like these – combined with Seiko's vast technological know-how, and dedicated human skills, make not only for a whole new standard of accuracy, but a whole new standard of reliability as well.

Even compared with mechanical watches noted for their reliability, the Seiko Quartz is substantially more reliable.

Choose from the Seiko Quartz range and you're choosing the watch that is changing the world's standard of accuracy. Someday all watches will be made that way. Seiko is making them now.

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SEIKO

# Claire

Bright lights over Richmond Hill, evening inching up the Thames Valley, and admiring the sunset from a window seat of the restaurant of the Roebuck inn: quiet Claire Nicholson. 'I love the dusk,' she whispers, drawing up long legs under the table, peering shyly through a halo of spun gold. 'It covers things up, makes you feel safe.' She giggles softly, wondering if you feel she's silly. We demur instantly. Claire's 36–22–36 perfection precludes all objection. She's amazed we find her beautiful. 'Fellows have told me that before, yes. But you expect a certain amount of flattery, don't you?' Her wide eyes watch us for reaction. 'I mean, the thing to be is sexy, surely? I've known girls who really have been lovely to look at. But on the inside they're very cold. It's such a cheat, isn't it? I'd hate to be a fellow and find myself in bed with someone like that. Wouldn't you?' Such solicitude is rare indeed. Claire's ambition for the first 17 of her 20 years

was strictly bed-orientated. The hospital bed, that is. Amply armed with 'O' Levels and her loving nature she found her squeamishness a barrier and retired with honours. 'It's awful. I feel faint if I prick a finger now. Can you imagine? And to be honest I was always embarrassed. I had to give this man a blanket bath once. You have to wash everything. I was purple.' And the man? 'He kept laughing. That only made it worse.' Nowadays Claire tends a typewriter high over Oxford Street, slipping home from Waterloo to a shared flat in Richmond's Vineyard. Was that embarrassment conquered? Legs scissor under the table. 'I'm the most embarrassable person I know, it's terrible. I blush all the time. People must think I have the most disgusting mind.' Surely not, we asked. 'Would you believe,' Claire's voice grows husky, 'that I'm not wearing any knickers. Really, I can't stand anything down there in the summer. It's just that I can't bear nylon. There, I'm blushing again.' She bursts into loud giggles. 'And I've made you blush too!'

MAYFAIR'S GIRL OF THE MONTH / CLAIRE NICHOLSON

# Dry Cane, cola and plenty of ice. It helps ease the boredom of losing at the Casino. Or even winning.

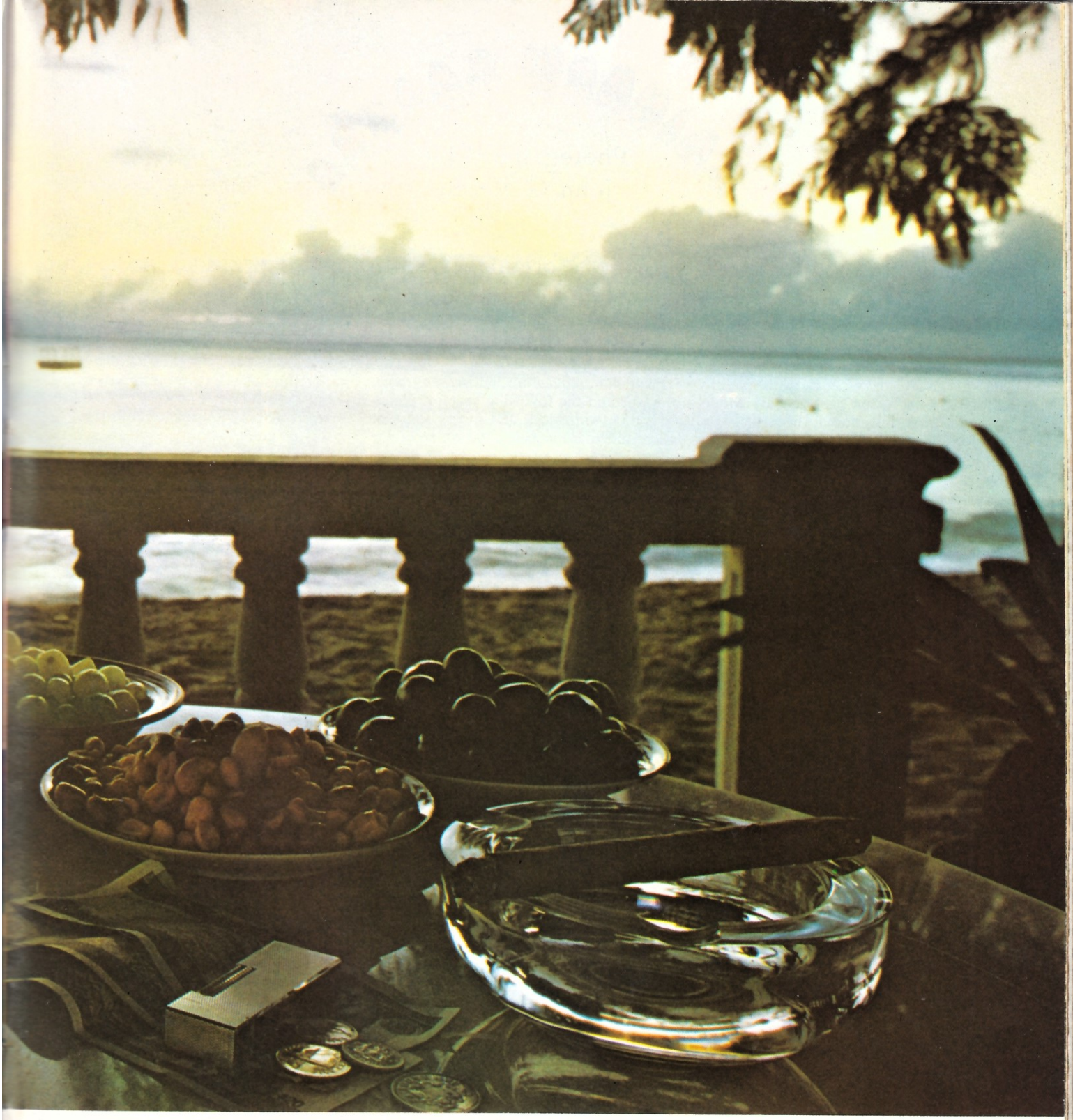
After you've lost the first five hundred pounds, you feel like a drink.

The loss of the second five hundred usually calls for Dry Cane, lime and ice.

As you lose the third five hundred you feel you may need something a little stronger, Dry Cane, Martini and ice.

And by the next five hundred it's all becoming a little tedious.

After all, it's only money, and what you



really feel like is a long, cool, refreshing drink. Dry Cane, cola and plenty of ice.

It's the only thing that can really hold your interest after a boring night in the Casino.

The Dry Cane provides the strength you need to get through the evening. And the cola provides the excitement.

Which is something desperately lacking in a game of chance, when it doesn't matter whether you win or lose.

On many occasions people have been known to put extremely valued possessions on the turn of a card.

Their houses, their girlfriends, even their golf club membership.

But never their most valued possession.

After all, losing your shirt on a roulette number is one thing.

Losing your bottle of Dry Cane is something quite different.

**DRY CANE**
WHITE RUM

# RAINBOW RACERS

Photographed by
John G. Rettie

## Bearing the stamp of their owners' originality, custom cars provide the colour and excitement missing from many of today's production line models

Henry Ford, the founder of the mammoth Ford Motor Company, was not a man to fill the streets of America with brightly coloured cars. When his legendary Model 'T' was first introduced, he issued the immortal dictum: 'Tell customers they can have any colour they like – as long as it's black.'

This dictum reigned unchallenged through the war and the following years of reconstruction, with black and muted tones of navy and maroon being the order of the day as far as motor manufacturers were concerned. It was not until the mid-fifties, in the sunshine state of California, that young car-owners decided to enliven America's drab motoring outlook.

It was no coincidence that the start of the

*Pictures show: opposite page, the Ford roadster of Tex Countryman. Fibre-glass bodied, the car features a hand-made square tube frame and a Corvette rear end. Main picture this page, the tail of a Volkswagen 'Beetle', customised by an eye-arresting orange and maroon paint job. Top, a 427 blown Chevrolet engine in this Ford ensures a speedy take-off, while California's dove-grey 'So Nice' could not have been more aptly named.*

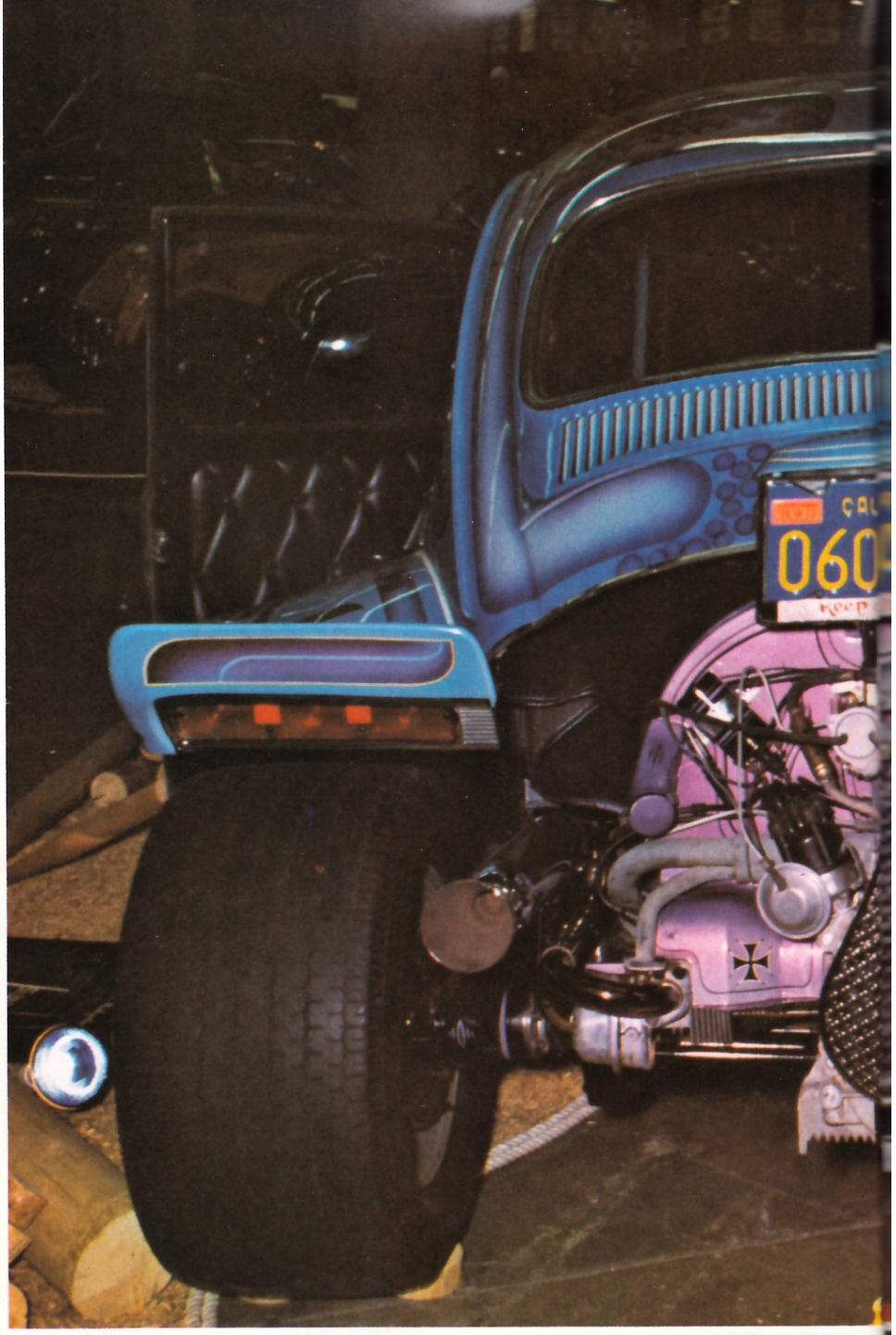
CALIFORNIA
635 CLS
PLEASE DON'T TOUCH

custom car craze followed hard on the heels of the birth of rock and roll, which itself heralded a period of youthful rebellion.

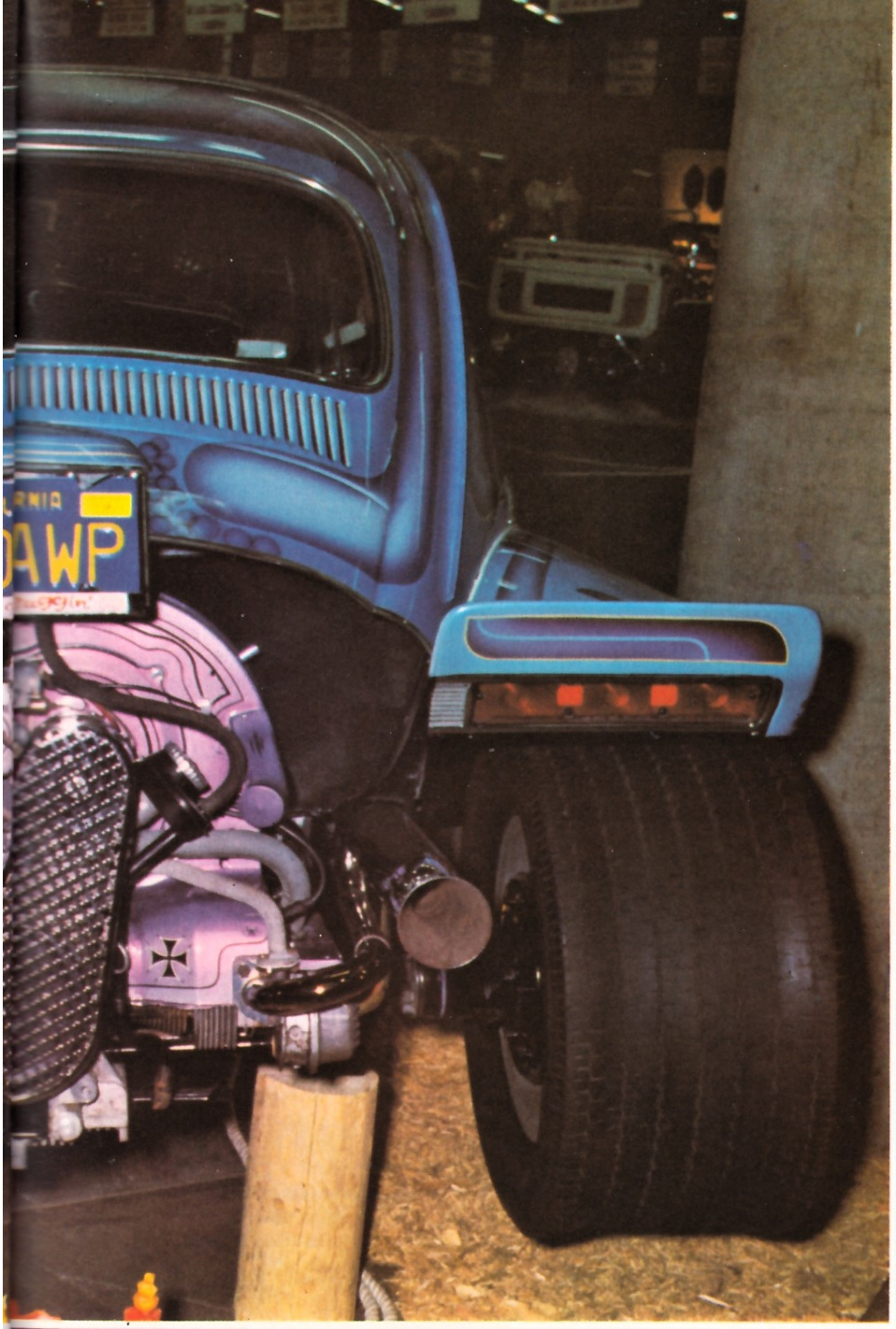
In 1958, the film star James Dean died at the wheel of his Porsche – an act which seemed to symbolise the need of American youth for kicks allied to speed. Young Californians had begun to tinker with their car engines, coaxing higher performances out of venerable Chevvys and Buicks, and soon it became a form of entertainment to cruise up and down Main Street, U.S.A. throwing out speed test challenges to all comers.

From under-the-bonnet improvement, the next logical step was to alter the outward appearance of the car. Blacks, maroons and navies vanished under coats of silver, tangerine and crimson, and, again in California, a whole movement based on the motor car came into being. Many young Californians were devoted to the sport of surfing, a devotion which was reflected in the pop-music of the early and mid-sixties from such groups as the Beach Boys and Jan and Dean.

The enormous sense of exhilaration gained from surfing and speeding in a souped-up car was apparent in many contemporary West Coast song titles. *Little Deuce Coupe, Deadman's Curve, Ride the Wild Surf* and *I Get Around* all became classics of American folk-rock culture.



*Main picture shows a Volkswagen 'Beetle' in a guise that German pre-war designers surely never intended. Support pictures, both pages, show left to right, perhaps the last word in bird-pulling luxury; a fur-lined dune buggy. Richard Jackson's semi-custom hard top. Inside is a fully equipped cocktail bar. Richard and Roger Christ's 'Mini-Brute', with 4-speed transmission and a 1957 Chevrolet rear end. 1937 Chevrolet; under the bonnet – a 283 Chevvy engine and automatic transmission. Bright and beautiful roadster.*

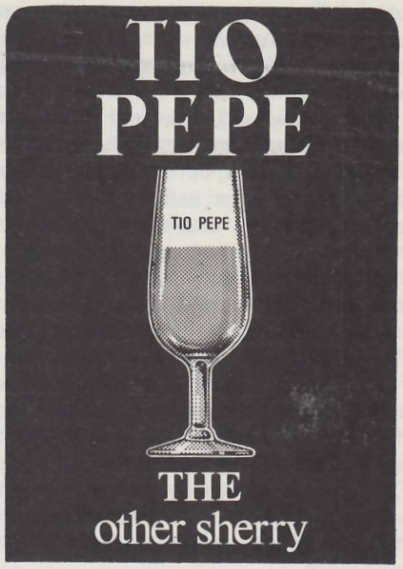


But the limits to which production cars could be customised were soon reached. The final step for enthusiasts was to design and build fantasy cars which owed nothing to a corporation's drawing board, but much to a fertile imagination. The motor accessories industry, never slow to capitalise on a trend, produced gallons of metal-flake paint, magnesium wheels and special tune-up kits.

The natural in-bred competitiveness of Americans led to speed trials to determine just who had built the fastest machines. With custom cars' affinity to the so-called 'Funny' Drag Racing machines, a certain degree of shared technology became inevitable, but enthusiasts are at pains to stress the fundamental differences of the two. 'Funnies' are essentially powerful engines in bizarre bodies. With custom cars, the emphasis shifts subtly towards overall appearance.

Today's powerful custom cars range from a fibre-glass Model 'T' Ford with a blown Chevrolet engine and hand-made frame, to a fur-lined Beach Buggy based on a Volkswagen 'Beetle' frame. The sight of a 1937 Chevrolet painted silver sparkle may startle purists, but is guaranteed to earn the admiration of fellow enthusiasts wherever it goes.

Custom cars started as a backlash against uniformity and a desire for originality. Who doubts this goal has been reached?



by GONZALEZ BYASS


**The curse of the dusky Don Juans**

*continued from page 50*

that we knew that he knew that we knew he didn't mean it. But he had spoken on all our behalfs and offered respite from decision making. There was now no immediate call for us to do anything about this latest aggression.

The only other form of immediate retaliation would have been to send a small raiding party outside to let the air out of their tyres – but this seemed a mite childish even to us. Besides – we might get knifed. Or even thumped.

So we did nothing. The thought of confronting even the smallest of the gate crashers invoked a hot flush of presentiment – but why? Why at that age (and sometimes even now) did we immediately credit everyone whose mettle had not been proved wanting with being vastly better in prowess, physical strength, guile and ability than ourselves?

Would that I could have ruminated longer on the situation. Would that I could report our resolving of it with a swashbuckling grin, a gory Persian head and a kiss of pride from our birds. But it was 9.30 pm and even though it was Saturday tomorrow my mother said I had to be in by 10 pm.

Fishing my cycle clips out of my tweed jacket pocket I shuffled stern facedly out the back with the rest of the mob and banged my knee swinging it contemptuously across my drop handle-barred turquoise Phillips Kingfisher. The fastest bike in the street I had been quite pleased with it up till then. Now as I cycled desultorily homeward with my tail getting caught in the spokes I swore that on the morrow, somehow, I would find out the secret of attracting women.

As though to strengthen my resolve the surrounding neighbourhood suddenly erupted with the shattering roar of a Persian revved Ferrari. Eighteen-year-old Abdul had absconded with big titted 15-year-old Angela and was driving her peaches and cream towards the midnight coffee bar where I was not allowed to go. But as I sat in the gutter with my front wheel still spinning, Angela at least had the grace to look the other way as they shot past enveloping me in a shimmering haze of clear exhaust. Good engines, those Ferraris.

So were the male sexual awakening in the fifties constantly thwarted. Magazines such as *Mayfair* belonged to the year 2000. French letters were the most embarrassing things in the world to acquire and our pusher in the changing room at milk break was accorded all the respect he deserved. It could have been no fun assailing the bastion of the rubber goods store behind the station and ordering them by the gross from the formidable harridan within. Especially in your school cap. But at least since far sightedly earning himself this concession Dick Spilstead was spared the toil of having to do early morning paper rounds to supplement his income.

Packets of three were carried in the wallets of that generation like religious talismen without which one rarely ventured forth. It seldom if ever, of course, *did* occur – but your chance might just come anywhere, at anytime and there were too many ghastly stories then told of colleagues who had actually had it offered to them but had temporarily misplaced their packet of three. In my experience such a packet might last from the Lower IVth through to the Upper VIth without being opened in combat. But it was bad for the image for the imprint of the rubber ring to show through one's wallet like a concealed half crown indicating a long sojourn within. Similarly, if opportunity did present itself and one gleefully ripped the top off a much faded purple packet only to crumble perished rubber all over her lap, one's name would not rate too highly in the local Girls' High School bulletin that week and one might be advised to cycle home another way for a few days. Hence most sensible lads used to have dry runs on self occasionally, just to keep the hand in. Checking the shelf life and turnover of one's stock ensured that should occasion one day present itself (it must, it *must*) – then one would be up to it.

So there we were, bursting to express ourselves and, thanks to Dick Spilstead, possessing the means whereby to contain that expression – yet nowhere to put it. All our girls were off up the road sharing it out with the Dagos while we were left with their 10-year-old sisters. (For some reason the Persian female students weren't interested in us, either. Being young English was turning out to be a hell of a drag all round, really.)

In fairness it must be said that in the final analysis only very few ever went off completely to rear little Persians of their own. Most came back fairly soon with knowing looks and a glint in their eye to settle for one of us fair skinned gentry who were by now working in the local bank, or wherever. The appeal of a semi-detached and the kids near Mum seemed to be more commonsensical to Monica than dashing off to live in a tent in the hot dust – despite the shimmering pool at back and the air conditioned Cadillac up front. In Saudi, that is. Not Surbiton.

Thus it was not on the morrow but many years later that I discovered the secret of success with women had little to do either with muscles, looks, money or self. Oh, sure – they are good for starters, but they are really only a bonus to basic chemical attraction.

All you have to do is be yourself and inevitably some women will loathe you. The vast majority will remain blissfully unaware of you – but many might think you are rather nice and, throughout your life, one or two will probably even fall quite desperately in love with you. And that's nice. Or can be.

And who knows – one day you might even get to live in Persia where you can slowly get your own back for my entire generation. Out there, though, I've been told they don't just ask you nicely not to molest their property or say nothing, as we did and skulk off home to let the birds sort it out whichever way they want. Out there I believe they illustrate the point with a pair of scissors.

FIRST TIME ON CASSETTE

# The Perfumed Garden

One of the most erotic and explicit manuals of sexual expertise ever to come from the East has been dramatised on tape cassettes, cartridges and records for a great new offer to *Mayfair* readers

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# Tiowa Toni

PHOTOGRAPHED BY SIWER OHLSSON

Tiowa is 23, has lived all her life with her parents in Bangkok and expects to get married next year. A marriage which will probably be arranged for her. But Tiowa is unabashed by this prospect. 'We do have many modern customs in Bangkok,' she laughs, 'and I have learned many things that your English girls will not know till they have been married for a long time!' Tiowa's laugh is mildly self-mocking but it hides none of her exquisite sexuality. Her social life is hardly that of a chaperoned young miss: she is no stranger to the city's glamorous night clubs.

which rejoice in such inscrutably oriental names as 'Bad Apple' and the 'Safari' Club, which are two of Tiowa's favourite spots after dark. But she is also proud of Bangkok's more permanent landmarks. She prefers to do her daily shopping in the celebrated floating market on the Klong Dao Chanong (a klong being a canal) and to Tiowa, Bangkok's canals and river Chaopraya are the city's main attractions. She would like to live aboard a junk she says, and hopes to marry a man with similar ambitions. She may well be lucky – she's a very persuasive girl.

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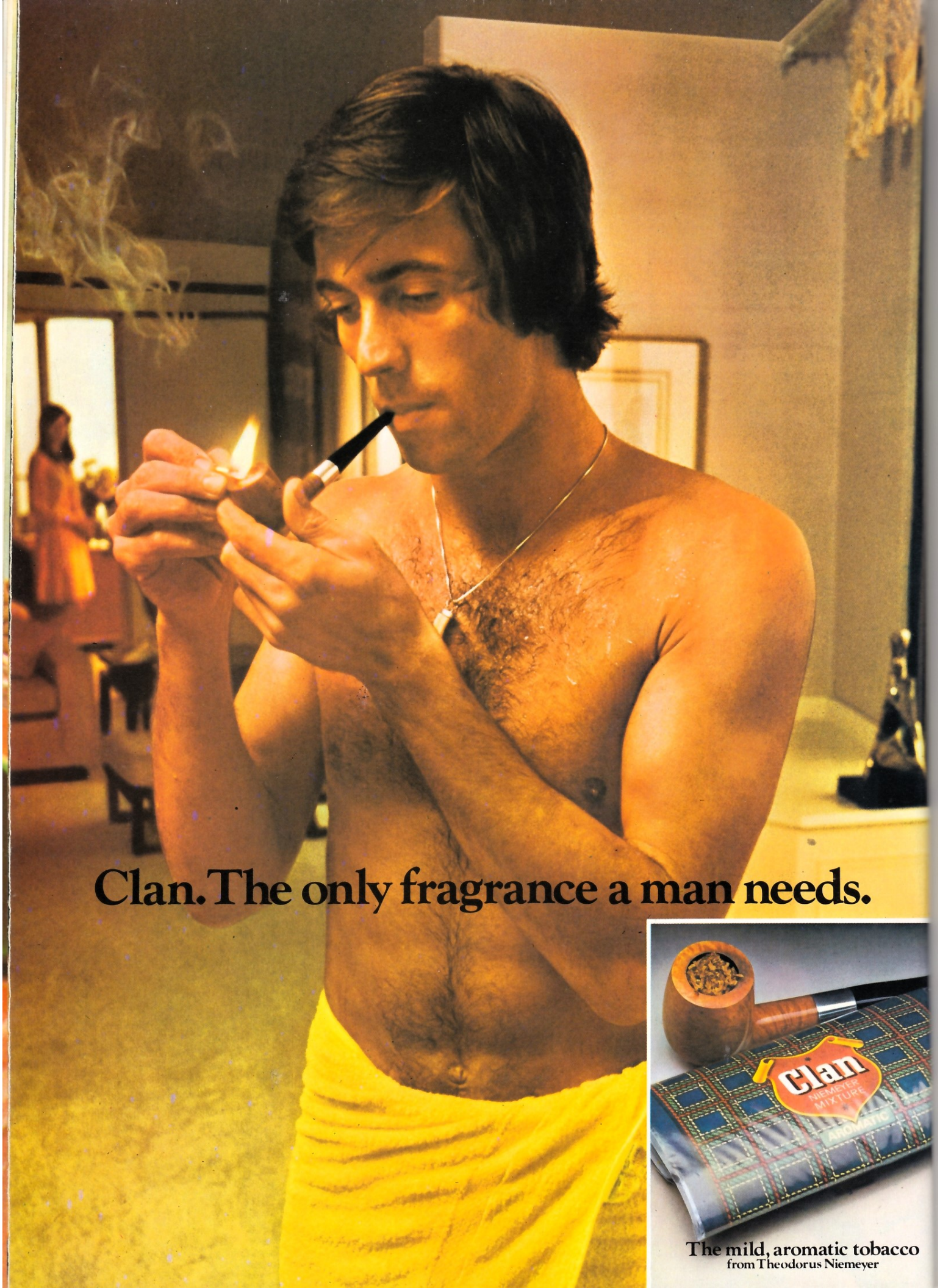
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# HOUDINI

*continued from page 35*

hands free. Then it was Cirnoc's turn. Houdini locked him in the cuffs and actually *gave him the key*. After about ten minutes, the alleged Original Handcuff King had to admit defeat and asked Houdini to release him. The crowd roared its appreciation and gave Houdini a standing ovation.

From that moment on, the 'Great Houdini' became a reality and he was a show-stopper everywhere he was booked. Harry Day, the ingenuous agent who had got him his first booking, became his manager and he started on a triumphant tour of German cities. In Dresden, the theatre manager of the Central Theatre, Herr Kammsetzer, callously told him just as he was about to make his first entrance, that if he was greeted with whistles – the German equivalent of boos or catcalls – he could consider his engagement at an end after the first performance. Houdini went on and, among other things, released himself in short order from a collection of heavy manacles and leg irons especially brought up from the Mathilda Gasse Prison, some of them weighing over 40 pounds. In the ensuing din of applause and appreciation, Herr Direktor Kammsetzer appeared on the stage berserk with joy, waving his top hat and cheering like a madman. He tried to get the run extended, but it was no good: the Wintergarten in Berlin had Houdini booked and nothing would budge them – not even hard cash. The German tour went on, Houdini's reputation growing with every appearance: Berlin, Magdeburg, Hamburg, Essen, Leipzig, Frankfurt, Osnabruck, Cologne, Mannheim.

As with every successful stage gimmick, imitators began to spring up, and Houdini, an unmagnanimous man when it came to recognising competitors, was always ready to crush any opposition of this sort when he got the opportunity. While appearing as the star attraction of the Corty-Althoff Circus in June, 1902, he heard that an imitator named Kleppini was appearing in Dortmund, boasting that he had beaten the Great Houdini in a handcuff contest. That was enough: despite the protests of the Corty-Althoff proprietor, he took five days off to go to Dortmund and present this particular competitor with a comeuppance that both of them would never forget.

Disguising himself with a false moustache and a different hairdo, a favourite ploy which he would use on other occasions, he slipped into the Kleppini audience at the Circus Sidoli in Dortmund dressed as an old man and, at the appropriate moment in Kleppini's patter, bounded up onto the stage with a denial of the performer's claim that he had defeated Houdini in a handcuff contest. 'How can you possibly know that?' demanded the rather dazed Kleppini. 'Because I am Houdini!' bellowed the outraged artist – and ripped off his false whiskers.

The affair was not settled there and then, despite a bemused audience yelling for an on the spot contest. Kleppini was too old a hand to be lured into the kind of unprepared confrontation that Cirnoc had faced at the London Alhambra. But a meeting there had to be and it was arranged for the following evening with full publicity arranged by a delighted Circus Sidoli. Next morning, Kleppini's manager paid Houdini a social visit at his hotel. The talk naturally turned to handcuffs and, with permission, the visitor examined the collection Houdini had brought with him. One pair of fetters particularly interested him – a French set of 'letter' cuffs which could only be opened by rotating the five discs on the lock to some prearranged setting. Houdini explained, in strict confidence of course, that the key word to open the cuffs was C-L-E-F-S, the French word for keys; and shortly after that the manager left.

That evening Kleppini and Houdini faced each other in front of a crammed house. Houdini offered his collection of handcuffs for inspection and Kleppini immediately pounced on the letter cuffs announcing that he would release himself from them in seconds. With a broad, almost cannibalistic, smile, Houdini fastened the manacles on Kleppini's wrists and then watched him disappear into his cabinet. He now addressed the audience: 'Ladies and gentlemen,' he said, you may all go home. I do not lock a cuff on a man merely to let him escape.' For about five minutes there was a tense silence, but when nothing happened and Kleppini failed to appear, the theatre manager ordered the rest of the acts to go on – and so they did, appearing to right and left and in front of Kleppini's cabinet until the show was finished. Only then, when even the audience had gone, did Houdini relent and release his captive. Weeping with frustration, Kleppini held out his wrists and Houdini explained that he had changed the combination: 'Here you are,' he said, 'a good American word that means Kleppini'; and he rotated the discs so that the bracelets fell off – in the new combination the letters spelled F-R-A-U-D.

By this time challenge escapes were coming from all quarters. They provided good publicity not only for Houdini but also for the manufacturers of trunks, packing cases, riveted boilers or any other container which might be thought sufficiently escape-proof to hold the great man. In every case he escaped leaving the container – roped, nailed, padlocked, or bound in whatever fashion – intact. But the highlight of his second British tour was when the *Illustrated Daily Mirror* challenged him to escape from a specially manufactured pair of handcuffs separated, not by links, but by a rigid length of steel tubing. The manacles had been five years in the making by an expert locksmith and were considered absolutely unbeatable. Before an audience of 4,000 at the London Hippodrome, Houdini took exactly 70 minutes to extricate himself from a pair of handcuffs that had taken five years to make. 'A mighty roar of gladness went up,' the *Mirror* sportingly admitted next day, recording its own defeat – and they later presented the

*turn to page 82*

*'You'll have to go now, Harry. I'm expecting an obscene telephone call.'*

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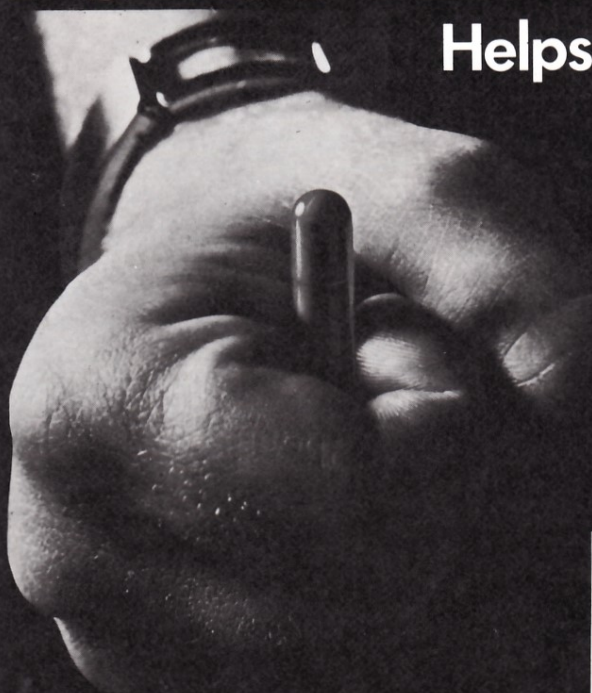

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# Gentlemen, that reminds me...

## A round-up of after-dinner jokes

Worried at his failing sexual prowess a young man sought advice from a friend.
'Try the old Chinese method,' his friend counselled. 'When making love take a break every five minutes and contemplate the true meaning of life during the intervals.'
That very night the young man made love to his wife with renewed confidence. But after five minutes he scrambled off her and went and sat in his garden to contemplate. After half an hour or so he returned to his wife for another five minutes of frantic sexual activity. Several more such breaks ensued.
As he scurried off for the fifth time, his wife shouted at him: 'My God, you're making love like a Chinaman!'

A World War II casualty was wounded by a lump of shrapnel which shot between his legs, neatly nicking a bit of flesh from the bottom of his scrotum.
'Good God,' said the M.O. inspecting the damage, 'you were lucky there.'
'Yes,' agreed the soldier complacently, 'if I hadn't been thinking of the wife's sister at the time I'd have lost the bloody lot.'

The golf professional entered the club house bar in an agitated state, ordered a triple whisky and downed it in one.
'What happened to you?' asked the barman.
'I've just had a round with Brown,' the pro replied, 'he's the worst player in the club and I lost to him.'
'But how?' the barman protested.
'I'll tell you,' the pro said, downing another drink with a shaking hand. 'We got to the first tee and he asked for a handicap. I told him he could have any handicap he liked and he asked for two "gotchas". I asked him what gotchas were and he just said that I would soon find out. He took his drive and hit the ball about fifty feet. I took mine and just as I was taking my swing he grabbed me by the groin, squeezed hard and said, "gotcha". Naturally, I missed my stroke.'
'Naturally,' the barman agreed, horrified, 'but that was only one stroke and he had only one gotcha left, didn't he?'
'True,' the pro agreed, 'but you should try swinging at a golf ball when you're waiting for the *second* gotcha.'

Two prospectors were driving through the Australian outback when one of them decided he needed to relieve himself. He disappeared behind a convenient bush. Suddenly a scream was heard: 'Christ, I've been bitten on the dong by a snake,' the prospector cried to his partner, 'get the flying doctor.'
His partner roared off a hundred miles down the road to the nearest telephone. Contacting the flying doctor, he explained his friend's predicament.
'I can't get there in time,' the doctor told him, 'what you must do is make an incision either side of the wound and suck the poison out yourself.'
'Isn't there some other way, doc?'
'No,' came the reply, 'either you do it or your friend will die.'
The prospector drove back to his friend who was by now writhing in agony.
'What'd the doc say?' he croaked.
'You're gonna die, mate, that's what he said.'

Having experienced Far Eastern nocturnal delights for the first time, a young Officer came to the morning after and found himself lying on the floor of a kampong dwelling between two ladies of considerable oriental beauty.
Recently betrothed, and from impeccable background, he was in a state of panic. Attempting an exit over one of the women he landed face down on her voluptuous charms.
Awakening with a wide smile she muttered in a stage whisper: 'Not me, master, I'm only the bridesmaid!'

Home after a long voyage, a sailor picked up a good looking girl in the street and took her into a bar.
'What do you drink, beer or champagne?' he asked her.
'I think I would prefer champagne,' she replied, 'whenever I drink champagne my head gets all bubbly and I have the loveliest thoughts and day dreams. I dream that I am lying nude in the soft, warm sands of jewel-like Mog-Mog island. As I recline there in blissful content I see a tall, handsome man approach from down the beach. He gazes deep into my eyes, and his hands caress my body. Later, much later, he walks out into the sea, only to reappear with shells filled with beautiful pearls which he pours over my body, creating a sensation divine.
'But when I drink beer I just fart.'

Hoping for a part in a revue show, a stunning blonde presented herself at the agent's office.
'What do you do, honey?' the agent asked.
'I play the harmonica with my fanny,' she replied. The blonde then gave a convincing demonstration of her special talent.
'Fantastic,' enthused the agent, reaching for the telephone, 'keep on playing, honey, while I call the producer of the show.
'What do you think of this?' the agent exclaimed to the producer, holding the telephone up in front of the performing blonde.
After thirty seconds of music the producer's voice started to babble out of the phone: 'What the hell are you playing at?' he bellowed. 'You pull me out of bed just to hear some cunt playing the harmonica?'

A Salvation lassie named Claire
Was having her first love affair.
As she climbed into bed
She reverently said,
'I wish to be opened with prayer.'

*Share your after-dinner anecdotes. Send them to 'Jokes', Mayfair Magazine, 95A Chancery Lane, London WC2. There is a free subscription for the reader whose letter is selected. In case of duplication of jokes submitted, the Editor's decision on awarding a subscription is final.*

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This book smashes through the lingering barriers of sexual ignorance and superstition like no other book before it. In detailed full page photographs a young man and a beautiful girl demonstrate 42 separate lovemaking positions. In the text, Mogens Toft discusses ways of positioning and moving the body to regulate orgasmic pleasure. The pictures show how the girl manipulates her own or her partner's erotogenic zones simultaneously with intercourse to induce heightened sensations. They show how parts of the body can be fondled and caressed during intercourse and how thrusting movements of the legs, thighs and the body can increase satisfaction; how the woman can caress the man when he takes her from behind and how she can use her thighs to squeeze and stimulate his organs. Here are displayed a whole range of positions for lovemaking together with detailed descriptions and diagrams showing how the different positions affect the contact of the organs of man and woman. The reader can study them in depth and emulate them in his or her search for complete sexual fulfilment.

*By their total frankness, the pictures in this book will shock many. We do not wish to offend Book Club members and we warn purchasers of its revealing nature.*

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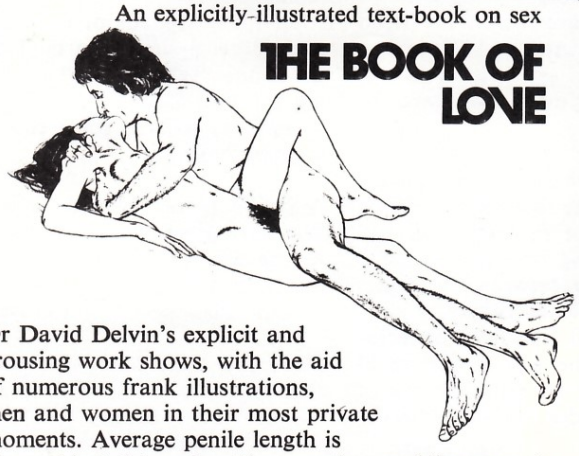

Dr David Delvin's explicit and arousing work shows, with the aid of numerous frank illustrations, men and women in their most private moments. Average penile length is also subjected to exhaustive enquiry, enabling men to measure up to Dr Delvin's thought-provoking findings.

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This totally imaginative and graphic book is without doubt one of the most candid and detailed yet offered by the *Mayfair Book Society*. Many superb colour illustrations depict all forms of normal and unusual sexual practices, while the accompanying text describes love-making techniques in their many and varied forms. This is not a book for those who are easily offended.

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At last a sexually adept woman has written down the intimate and exact details of what turns women on – insights that even the most carnal of modern Casanovas might take years to discover. Wise and witty Ruth Dickson, author of *Married Men Make the Best Lovers*, reveals the secrets of things that drive her wild, and gives frank advice to the lucky girls themselves.

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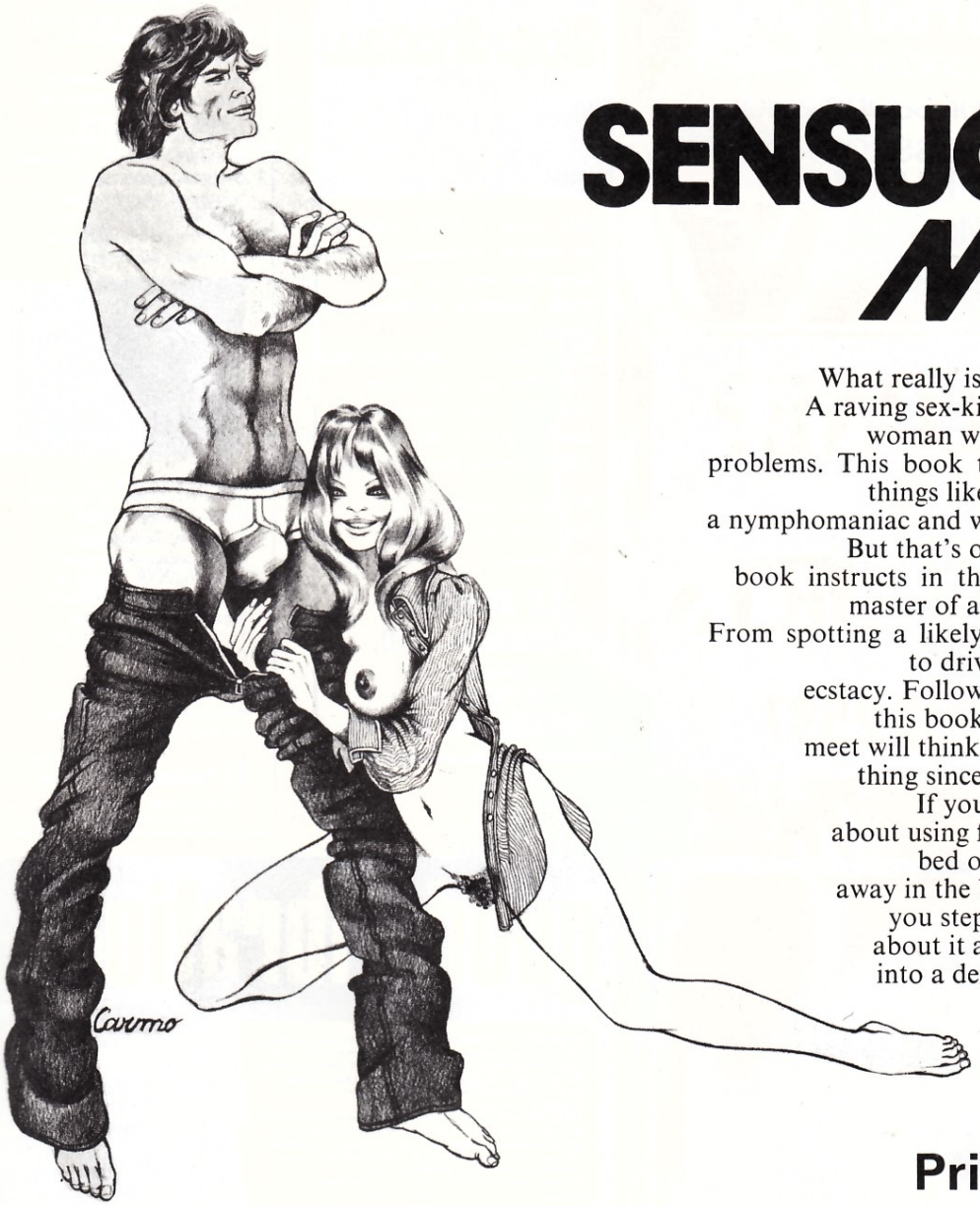


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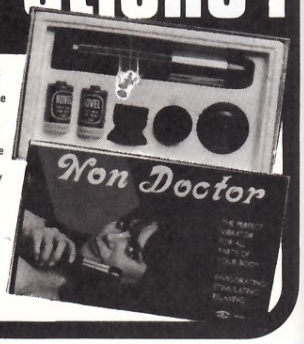


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# ETERNAL ORACLES

## Illustrated by Ronald Cobb: No. 5

A silver footed girl bathing herself,
dropping water on the ripe fruit
of her breasts, milky firm.
Her round buttocks rippling without
any deliberate intention,
their flesh undulating more
than the waters at her movement.
Her hand, spread wide,
to cover her swelling pleasure dome –
not all of it
but as much as it could.

*original by Rufinos*
*(A spirited epigrammist,*
*he lived between the 2nd and*
*5th centuries AD. He may*
*have been a native of*
*Ephesos. Thirty six*
*of his epigrams*
*survive.)*

# HOUDINI

*continued from page 75*

escape artist with a solid silver replica of the famous challenge cuffs.

By now, Houdini was the principal music hall or circus attraction in Europe and at last the American vaudeville circuits showed some interest. In July, 1905 he returned to the States for a record-breaking tour, taking top billing in all the principal cities. Almost immediately he created a sensation when he was stripped, searched, manacled and locked into the cell of the Washington, DC, Federal prison which had formerly held Charles J. Guiteau, President Garfield's assassin. Twenty-seven minutes later he walked into the Warden's office where the judges were waiting. He was fully dressed, despite the fact that his clothes had been locked in another cell, but that was not all – he had used part of the time to open all the other doors in the block and had transferred the inmates around like a bunch of human pawns and then locked them up again so that they were all safely incarcerated in the wrong cells.

The story spread like a bush fire and preceded him on his tour, ensuring packed houses everywhere. Always determined to keep his act fresh, Houdini was continually thinking up new escape ideas to intrigue his audiences. He performed his straitjacket release – which depended on experience and muscle control rather than tricks – in full view of the audience for greater dramatic impact, and then went on to do the same escape as a free publicity stunt, hanging upside down from a tall building over the city streets. He introduced a startling new escape into his act – eventually to be known as the Chinese Water Torture Cell – by having himself handcuffed and pushed head down into a metal tank filled with water which was immediately capped and secured with six padlocks – he was out, of course, in about two minutes. Audiences everywhere screamed their approval.

His restless energy was unceasing. In between devising stunts like making a 10,000 pound elephant disappear from the stage of the New York Hippodrome – other magicians 'vanished' rabbits or doves, but Houdini did the trick in the grand manner – he found time to write about magic. His first book was entitled 'The Unmasking of Robert-Houdin' when he discovered that his former hero had passed off as his own inventions many tricks and illusions that had been known to conjurors for centuries. He even found time to edit and write for the Conjuror's Monthly Magazine. In 1919 he went to Hollywood and made a series of films – 'The Master Mystery,' 'The Grim Game,' 'Terror Island.' Later, putting up his own money and operating not only as star but also as script writer, producer and director, he made 'The Man From Beyond' and 'Haldane of the Secret Service.' All the films featured cliff-hanging escape sequences, most of which Houdini actually performed, but the Handcuff King was no Valentino and he never established on the screen the kind of authority with which he could mesmerise a live audience. The experiment was less than successful and Houdini lost a lot of money.

In the early twenties, just when his many competitors and imitators fondly hoped that the Houdini star was on the wane, following his failure in the movie kingdom, he launched into an entirely new field that was to keep his name constantly before the public. It started with a meeting between Houdini and Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, a man for whom the entertainer had the greatest respect. There was, at the time, a great vogue for spiritualism and Conan Doyle was a dedicated believer in the performances of the many spirit mediums who, for a fee of a pound upwards, would put recently bereaved people in touch with their dear ones who had crossed the Great Divide. Despite Conan Doyle's firm belief

***Harry Houdini at the height of his powers. His career spanned 43 years.***

that Houdini contrived his spectacular escapes by 'dematerialising' himself, the Escape King always made it clear that every performance he presented was accomplished by a trick or illusion. He could never understand why Conan Doyle, who, after all, had created Sherlock Holmes, the high priest of ratiocination and king emperor of logical deduction, could be taken in by what was, to Houdini, the transparent fakery and charlatanism of the professional mediums.

The friendship between Houdini and Conan Doyle was short-lived. Each admired the other, but when Lady Doyle, who apparently had some pretensions as a spirit writer, produced a message from Houdini's dead mother the relationship wilted. Houdini tartly pointed out that the message was in English, a language which his mother had never mastered. Sir Arthur, rather feebly, suggested that she had learned it on the 'other side.' In between his theatre appearances, Houdini now embarked on an energetic campaign designed to expose fraudulent mediums. Having done a mind-reading act with Bess in his early vaudeville days and with all his knowledge of magic and illusion, there was scarcely anyone better equipped for the job. Often in heavy disguise and sometimes in the company of a female accomplice described as the Reverend F. Raud – no one ever seemed to tumble to the significance of the juxtaposition of initial and surname – he would join in séances and right at the *moment critique*, the climax of the performance, he would jump up, announce himself, and proceed to expose the fraudulent methods employed by the medium. He even incorporated exposé sessions into his own act on the stage, showing delighted audiences how he manipulated trumpets and tambourines with his toes, having slipped off his shoes under the cover of a table cloth while a committee chosen from the audience gravely sat in a circle, the end members each firmly holding one of Houdini's hands.

In the meantime, he continued with the exacting task of his normal performances. Doctors had not infrequently told him that he was demanding too much of his body – and certainly, the physical strains he imposed on himself were tremendous – but he always ignored such advice.

But, ironically, it was through not taking prompt medical advice that Houdini's long run came to a close. He was appearing in Albany, New York, when he broke an ankle extricating himself from the Chinese Water Torture Cell. He devised a brace for the ankle, finished his Albany appearance, went on to play Schenectady for the rest of the week and moved on to Montreal where he was booked for a full week. While resting in his dressing room one afternoon, the still-mending ankle propped up on a divan, he received a visit from some admiring students from McGill University. One of the young men asked the performer if it was true that he could sustain severe blows to the body without discomfort. Houdini, who was engrossed in his mail, nodded absently and the student, interpreting this as a consent, gave him several hard blows in the abdomen before the artist had tensed his muscles in anticipation. There was a sharp stab of pain and Houdini turned white, but he recovered and went on to do the afternoon performance. Later that night, however, the discomfort returned and, the following day, the performance was sheer agony for him. Still in pain and running a temperature, he took the train for Detroit. He was met at the station by doctors who examined him, diagnosed appendicitis, and recommended an immediate operation. He refused: the show must go on. He stepped out onto the stage of the Garrick Theatre, Detroit that evening with a temperature of 104° and somehow managed to stagger through the performance. After the show he collapsed. An emergency operation was performed but it was too late. The appendix had been ruptured and peritonitis was far advanced. He lingered on for a few days but at 1.26 pm on October 31, 1926 he died. Just before the end he whispered weakly to

*turn to page 100*

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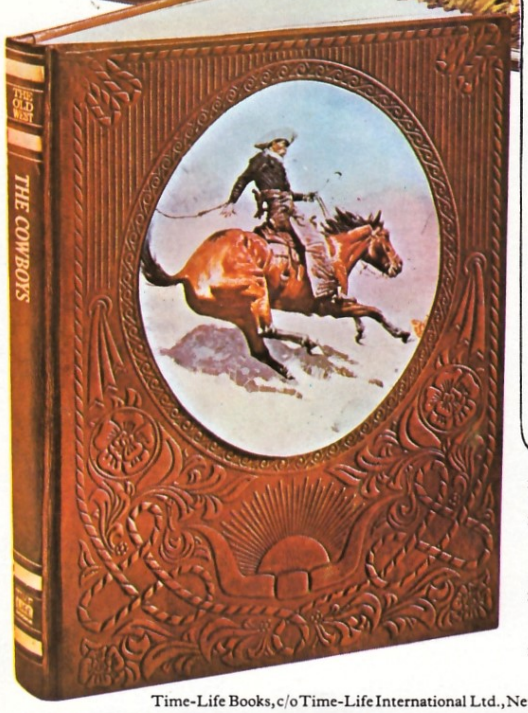


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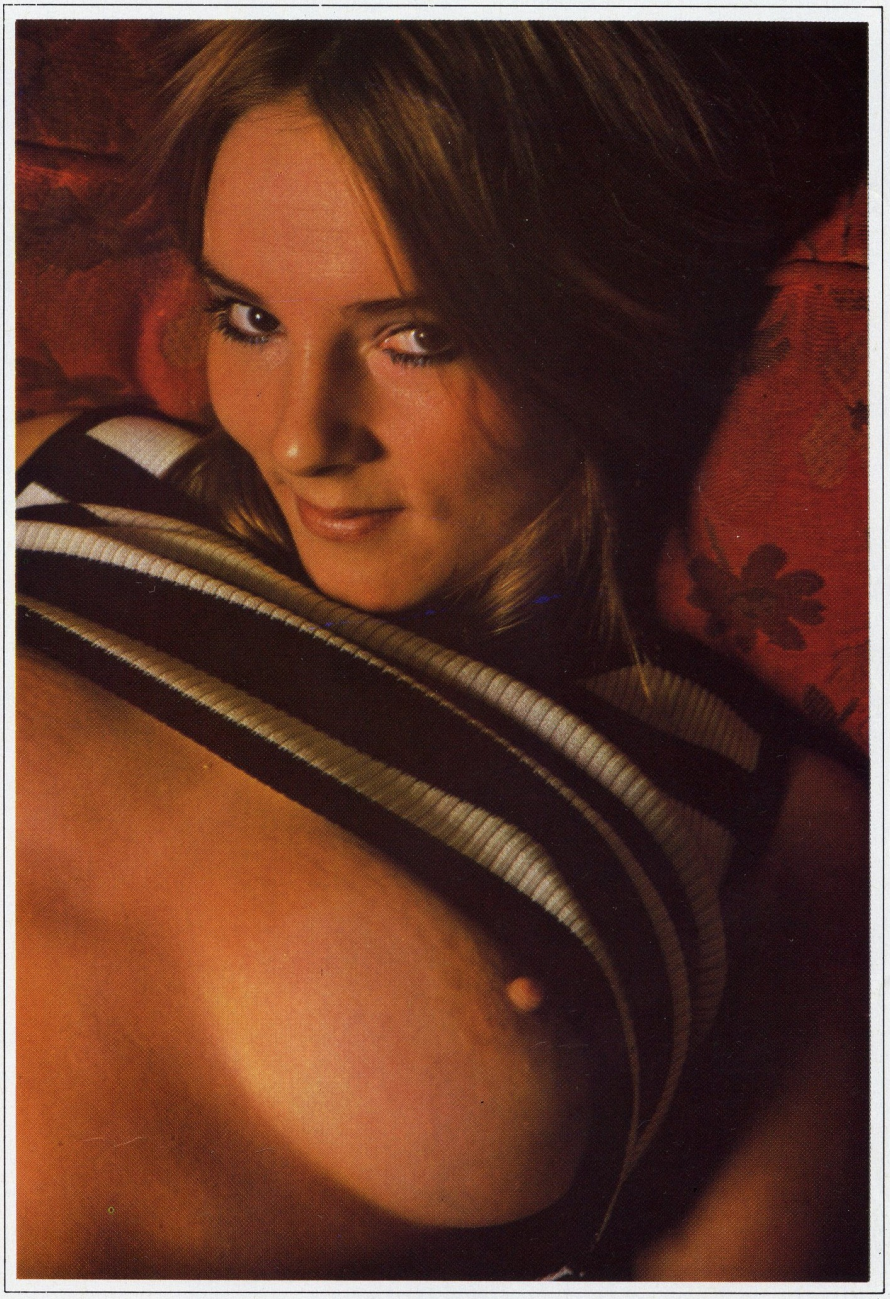

# Jennifer

PHOTOGRAPHED BY ED ALEXANDER

Jennifer Brill is not a girl to be easily seduced by bright lights and honeyed promises. Huddersfield – born twenty years ago, Jennifer has an air of Yorkshire earthiness which at first sight might seem at odds with a 39–24–36, five feet, eight inch tall figure. 'I have no illusions at all about myself,' asserts Jennifer. 'I'm no porcelain doll and I don't expect to be treated like one. So many men I meet seem to think that the only way into a girl's bed is to treat her like some very precious object and spend loads of money on her. Well this might work with some girls, but it certainly doesn't cut any ice with me. I like to be dominated by a man; I find it very exciting if a guy has a streak of cruelty in him. I suppose that's why I like going out with men who are successful. They have an air of assurance and power which really turns me on'. A smile plays

around Jennifer's lips. 'I wonder sometimes at girls who maintain that a man's personality is more important than his looks. I mean who would want to go out with an ugly guy for heaven's sakes? Personality's fine as long as it has good looks to go with it. Same with money. Girls who say money doesn't matter will soon get fed up with fish and chips every time they get taken out, believe me'. Jennifer's forthright qualities are not just confined to her personal life. Her work as a representative in the highly competitive field of office equipment necessitates keeping one jump ahead of competitors. 'I'm not averse to flashing a bit of thigh at an office manager to get a contract,' grins Jennifer, 'but that's definitely as far as it goes. Business and pleasure are kept very separate, because you can't really afford to have your profession tied up with your love-life. It's much too complicated, and complications are things that I can honestly live without.' Jennifer's candid attitude may not appeal to all, but honesty for her is the name of the game.

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# QUEST

## The laboratory of human response
## Volume Six

The man who is reticent, even aloof, with women often holds a special attraction for them. In this series of interviews Quest has found evidence that the mute challenge of the mysterious man is irresistible to many women, however wary they may be of the unknown facets of the man's personality. In some cases the man's remoteness had undoubtedly been contrived and served him as an approach to the girl by way of her own fantasies.

**INTRODUCTION**

The susceptibility of women to fast talking, slick salesmen, whether selling themselves or their product, has already been well researched. The same applies to men with an easy manner and a fund of well rehearsed 'chat up' lines. Sooner or later they will score.

But what about his opposite, the man who is remote, often almost surly, and shows no particular interest in a woman. This series of Quest interviews discovered that there is in fact, sometimes a strong attraction for many women in this type of man.

The man becomes mysterious, untouchable, sinister, and to many women these are fascinating and exciting facets of his character.

The only problem from the man's point of view is that to set himself up as this type of attraction will almost automatically mean a long wait.

However, for some women such a challenge is irresistible. Like the small mysteries they try to retain about them in their private and sexual lives the mystery man is a perfect foil for their own small fantasies. They can forgive him many things and show great affection because whatever his past or present, they have already built their own mental picture and need few explanations. Many women like their lovers to have some small dark and mysterious secret in their pasts.

**INTERVIEWS**

(*In the interviews that follow, all names have been changed, since interviewees are guaranteed absolute anonymity. The places of origin, where stated, are not necessarily the places where the interviewees are now resident.*)

*One* **Housewife, 33 years old, black haired, town of origin Ipswich**

*This interviewee had been married nine years. She had trained as a secretary and at the time of the interview was considering whether to go back to work. Her husband was employed by a large industrial hardware manufacturer. They owned a detached house in a largely residential area. There were no children.*

*Quest:* This man did not make any advances towards you. In fact he showed no interest at all?

*Housewife:* He was totally indifferent.

*Quest:* It was this that interested you?

*Housewife:* I think I've always had what I wanted, in the end. God knows, there have always been enough men around me to give it to me when I asked. No, it wasn't so much indifference. No, more as though something was hidden inside and he couldn't let it out or wouldn't. It was even more than that – he was downright anti-social. In fact I was the first person ever to get him to a party.

*Quest:* How did you manage to do that?

*Housewife:* By asking him.

*Quest:* No-one had asked him before?

*Housewife:* If I have to take one more evening of that lot cheesing and wining in my house, I thought, I'll scream. Who is there, I thought, who is a tiny bit different – anyone but the same old charming faces, and then I thought of him. Why not?

*Quest:* You didn't find him sexually attractive at that time?

*Housewife:* I think being very dark and strange and mysterious has a sexiness of its own don't you? It was nothing overt, nothing very strong, just one of those very female things that men detest – acute nosiness.

*Quest:* And that led you to have an affair with him?

*Housewife:* I didn't have an affair with him at all. Things just, well things just happened.

*Quest:* Perhaps you went to bed with him to discover his fascination?

*Housewife:* In a strange way . . . Am I supposed to admit that?

*Quest:* Admit what?

*Housewife:* That I went to bed with him?

*Quest:* Did you?

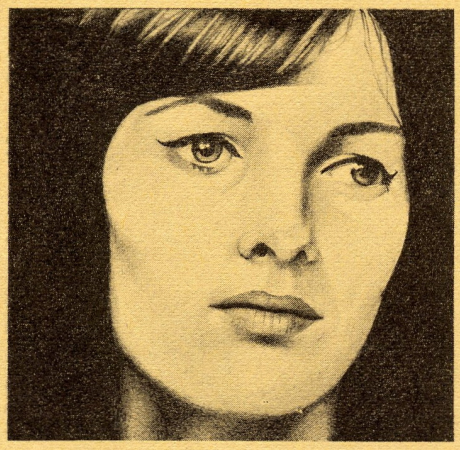
*Housewife:* He dared me. With those dark deep eyes that made me go weak at the knees, he dared me.

*Quest:* How?

*Housewife:* It was a challenge to my femininity.

*Quest:* To seduce him?

*Housewife:* He'd been living in the big gabled house on the corner for almost eighteen months and he hardly spoke a word to anyone. Millie, one of my best friends, had called round to offer the hand of local friendship and hadn't got further



than the hallway, though she peeked into the drawing room and she said it was littered with papers and typewriters and things. We wondered if he was a novelist or something but it was quite impossible to draw him out. I met him quite often in the town but it seemed it was all he could do to be polite and mutter or nod, hello, and that was it. He used to go away for whole weeks on end and often as not, return late at night. It was all very mysterious.

*Quest:* Yet he came to your party?

*Housewife:* That must have been a sudden attack of madness, because I must have known, if I'd given it a moment's thought, that he could never fit in with my husband or any of my husband's friends. So far as we were concerned, although madly fascinating, he wasn't actually one of us.

*Quest:* Do you regret becoming involved with him?

*Housewife:* Do I regret it? No. Quite honestly, I really enjoyed it. There were other fascinating things about him apart from his eyes, actually.

*Quest:* What other things, for instance?

*Housewife:* Is that why you're trying to be beastly, to drag all this out of me?

*Quest:* Tell me what happened at the party.

*Housewife:* I was quite astonished he actually arrived. I didn't really expect him to come at all. My friends told me I was very brave to even send him the invitation and everyone was rather keyed up with expectation, we girls, I mean; not the men – they couldn't have cared less.

*Quest:* Didn't he think it odd to be invited to a party by someone he scarcely knew?

*Housewife:* When I actually opened the door and found him standing there on the step, not even smiling, but scowling, I didn't quite believe it for a second. Then I realised what an error I might have made, and so I spent the rest of the evening trying to cover it. 'Do come in,' I said, 'my friends are so looking forward to meeting you.' He nodded and walked in, almost as though he owned the place. 'Is that why you invited me,' he said, 'as an exhibit or a guest?' He wanted to be left alone and people wouldn't let him. We're like that aren't we, always interfering and trying to pry into other people's minds. Those great dark sorrowful eyes. He'd seen a lot of sorrow – they were very lived in eyes. It was as though he had put up this tremendous barrier to protect himself from further hurt and actually I think it did come down a little when we were, you know, doing that . . . when that thing, happened.

*Quest:* When you slept together?

*Housewife:* 'Come on then,' he said quite bitterly and under his breath. 'You can show me to everyone, then I can get back to living my own life in peace,' or something that sounded very like that. 'What on earth do you mean?' I asked. 'I know what these parties can be like,' he said. 'I've been this route before.' He almost smiled, quite bitterly you understand, when he said that. I knew exactly what he meant.

*Quest:* Were your other guests impressed with him?

*Housewife:* The girls were. The ruder he was to them, the more they simpered and bubbled and tried to interest him. A lot of men could never get away with that, I know, but he was rather tall and dark and awfully attractive. I suppose he was approaching forty but he looked tremendously fit, and terribly alert. He was terribly crushing with Margaret, because she tried to pry into his private life. He cut her so dead there was quite a silence in the room and there was a moment when we thought Margaret's husband was going to take a swing, but he just stared into John's face for a moment and turned away, dragging Margaret with him. They sailed past me to the door, took their coats and went without another word, and really, in a strange way, I sympathised with him because Margaret is so absolutely nosy. It was very difficult to forgive him however, for breaching etiquette like that.

*Quest:* The party wasn't very successful then?

*Housewife:* It didn't quite recover. It began to break up shortly afterwards actually. Everyone became suddenly rather wary of John and he stood around with his drink looking almost pleased with himself and daring anyone to speak to him. That was very difficult to forgive. My husband, Bruce, said nothing but I could see the row looming up before we went to bed. I told John I thought he had been very rude. 'Rude?' he said. 'You don't know what rudeness is. You people don't know what anything is, you know nothing, nothing at all.' Oh dear, those terribly hurt and sorrowful eyes. They glittered, but at odd moments the sorrow showed through. Then he said something that kept me awake long after Bruce had turned over and gone to sleep. 'I don't suppose,' he said, 'you know what honest love, is.' That was terribly unfair. I suppose he thought I'd married Bruce for his money. 'Don't ever dare,' he said, 'come round to my house unless you want to know what that is.' Or words to that effect. Then he just quite politely put down his glass and left as I stood numbly by watching him.

*Quest:* When did you see John again?

*Housewife:* I went round to his house, actually.

*Quest:* He'd warned you. You wanted to have sex with him?

*Housewife:* I wore quite sexy clothes.

*Quest:* You were going to seduce him?

*Housewife:* Just how jaded do you think I am, just how dissolute am I supposed to be?

*Quest:* Perhaps you thought he was unattainable?

*Housewife:* Oh, but he was. It proved something though.

*Quest:* What did it prove?

*Housewife:* Perhaps it proved I could have any man I wanted.

*Quest:* That is important to you?

*Housewife:* It's important to most women I think. Don't men ever feel the same – that they'd like to wield some similar physical influence over women?

*Quest:* Did John have this particular physical fascination for you?

*Housewife:* I wouldn't have been at his house otherwise would I? It was rather like being drawn to something when one is a child, when it is expressly forbidden. It had been forbidden by my husband, frowned on by my friends, and even forbidden by John himself, so I just had to go and find out.

*Quest:* And you wore sexy clothes?

*Housewife:* John thought so. He practically had me in the doorway. 'Why have you come round,' he said, when he opened the door. I said, 'I just wanted to see if your bark was worse than your bite.' He stared at me. 'You know what's going to happen when you come in,' he said. 'I don't think it will,' I said, quivering at the knees and feeling goosebumps on my neck and my breasts. It was a hot day but I still felt them. I got as far as the lounge. 'You're the first woman to get this far,' he said. 'The first woman for a long time.' He ripped my frock right off.

*Quest:* At that moment?

*Housewife:* I love this. I love telling you all this. No, not at that moment.

*Quest:* But you wanted him to.

*Housewife:* I've told you how boring and lifeless it is out in our neck of the woods.

*Quest:* This was the day after the party?

*Housewife:* No, it took me three days to work up the courage and two days to rehearse everything in front of the mirror to pluck up the courage.

*Quest:* What happened after you'd walked into the lounge?

*Housewife:* I'd rather tell you all the things he did to me.

*Quest:* Yes, but there must have been some preliminaries beforehand?

*Housewife:* I wasn't going to tell you about that. I wanted him to. I dared him. I brushed against him. I sat in a way that showed my panties and I flirted outrageously with him.

*Quest:* You instigated the whole thing.

*Housewife:* I was going to make up a story to you about how he seduced me and how I fought him off, but I can't. It doesn't make sense. Wasn't I awful to think of saying things like that? I did find out things about him though. He told me things later in bed. I asked him where he went away to, where he went away every so often for days on end. 'Do you really want to know?' he asked. Yes, I did, what dark secret was this? 'I go up to town,' he said, 'and stay in a cheap hotel and find a woman and I . . .' Is it all right to say this? '. . . I fuck

her until I'm tired of her and I'm tired of myself and then I come back and get on with my work.' It just slipped out unconsciously. 'Are you good at it then?' I said. He said: 'Go now and let me get on with my work, or come upstairs and find out. I can't work with you sitting there like that,' and he picked up my chin in one hand and raised my head and his mouth came down on mine and he kissed me very long and hard and in a most sensual way, very slowly and very carefully as though he was exploring every inch of my mouth and as though he had a long time to explore the rest.

*Quest:* And this aroused you?

*Housewife:* Are you married? I doubt if you are. If you were you'd know what happens to kissing after nine years of marriage. It ceases to exist. Ask any married man how long ago he last kissed his wife, really passionately, not how long ago he made love to her, how long ago he kissed her for a long time on the mouth, explored her.

*Quest:* What happened then?

*Housewife:* I couldn't really stop him after that. He just took my hand and dragged me up the stairs and took me into the bedroom. Then he kissed me again and his hand slid down my neck to my breasts and unzipped the back of my dress while he was kissing me and unfastened my bra at the same time. He was really expert. I had my arms round his neck as my dress slid to the floor and then we just seemed to float backwards onto the bed and his mouth was moving to my breasts and I was pressing his head to them and running my fingers through his hair while he was licking my nipples. My breasts sag slightly and he was cupping them in his hands as he kissed and I could feel the heavy weight of his body lying against my panties between my legs hanging over the edge of the bed.

*Quest:* And then you made love.

*Housewife:* I'm quite ashamed and not really ashamed at all. His head moved down my tummy and his tongue and his lips with it, nipping me and licking me and kissing round the outline of my panties and something my husband hasn't done for a long time, he began to tug at my panties and nibble my pubes and all of a sudden I was sitting up on the edge of the bed and quite unashamedly holding his head against my pussy and pushing his head down and rubbing myself quite furiously against his mouth, right through my panties and thinking, how beautiful it was and it would teach him a lesson about being such a naughty boy at my party and thinking he could just seduce me like that, at the flick of his fingers. I went quite wild and pressed my thighs around his face and almost smothered him and I had an orgasm right against his face and my legs straightened and went all languid and I floated back onto the bed on my back. Then I felt him pulling at my panties and I couldn't stop him and he'd unzipped himself and I couldn't resist looking. He had a quite beautiful weapon and he wanted me to do certain things to it with my mouth, but I closed my mouth and shook my head. I knew exactly what I was doing, seducing him, but that particular form of sex is something sacred to my husband. That's something I wouldn't do for any other man no matter how much I wanted to. 'For that,' John said, 'I'm going to fuck you without mercy, until you beg me to stop.' He did, but I didn't, if you understand? I had at least two orgasms but he couldn't last as long as he thought he could. I was so satisfied I felt like a sleepy cat and I could have gone to sleep there on the bed, but I didn't feel sore, not until the following day, not until I admitted it to my husband a week later and was sorer still by the time he has finished lecturing and spanking me.

---

*Two* **Barmaid, 25 years old, blonde, town of origin Luton**

*This interviewee had been married at seventeen and was now divorced. She had a number of boyfriends but had no plans for re-marrying. At the time of the interview she shared a flat with one other girl, a waitress. Both girls took their sexual pleasures seriously.*

*Quest:* And this was while you were still at school?

*Barmaid:* I was dead buxom even then. I don't mean I was a tart, even if I did lose it earlier than most.

*Quest:* Your virginity?

*Bairmaid:* Yes.

*Quest:* How old were you then?

*Barmaid:* Fourteen.

*Quest:* Did you enjoy it?

*Barmaid:* I didn't have a really proper orgasm until I was nearly seventeen.

*Quest:* How do you mean – a proper orgasm?

*Bairmaid:* Well, you know – a violent orgasm.

*Quest:* And this was involved with the man you were telling me about?

*Barmaid:* In a way, yes.

*Quest:* Tell me about it.

*Barmaid:* We used to make up stories about him at school.

*Quest:* What sort of stories?

*Barmaid:* The girls did. We used to make up stories that he was a mass rapist or a master criminal or something.

*Quest:* Why was this?

*Barmaid:* Because he looked the part mainly and he lived in this great big old house right in the woods at the far end of the playing field. There was a lovers' lane used to run just between the school playing fields and the hedge of his garden.

*Quest:* And he was a recluse?

*Barmaid:* Hey? No, I wouldn't say exactly that, but no-one knew much about him. We used to see him sometimes, pottering in his garden. He had a big bushy beard that I really liked. I go for men with beards. And he wasn't that old, not actually tottering. About thirty-five to forty. Mind you, that was old to us then.

*Quest:* And how was your first violent orgasm associated with this man?

*Barmaid:* I was thirty-six inches when I was fourteen at school, round the tits, you see, dead top heavy, but big bummed and all and I was a target for most of the blokes, so when all this happened it wasn't as

*turn to page 96*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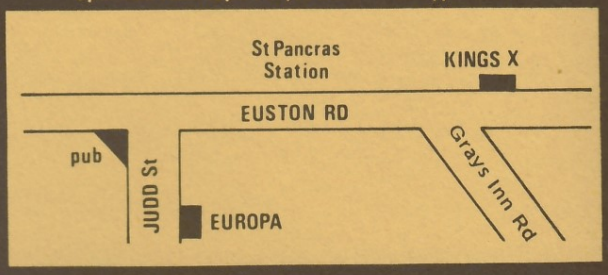


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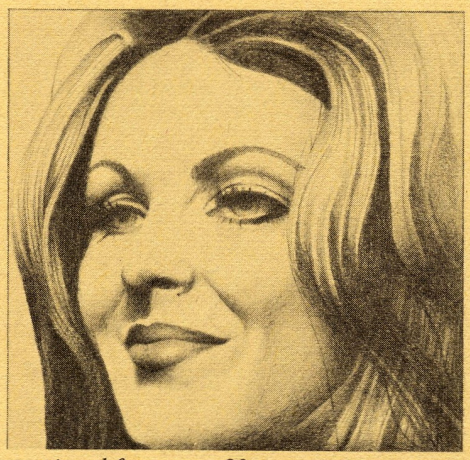

*continued from page 93*

though I was scared of men or anything. The other way round to put it plainly and all his strangeness or the stories didn't bother me at all. I was a bit outspoken and all, a bit cheeky my mum used to say.

*Quest:* You had sex with this man?

*Barmaid:* Not exactly. You see, since then I've tried a lot of different men on and to tell the truth, my flatmate, Rita and me have even been with two blokes together in the same room, you see, and Rita's even randier than I am at times and sometimes she wants us both to try it just together when we're in of an evening, though I haven't come to that yet. I can look at pictures of the naked women in your magazine actually and they get me going sometimes almost till I have to do something about it, but I still draw the line at going down on another woman.

*Quest:* But when you had sex with this man, you were relatively inexperienced?

*Barmaid:* No I didn't, not exactly.

*Quest:* You didn't what?

*Barmaid:* Not have sex. He didn't screw me. He did something that is still my very favourite sort of thrill. I wasn't even meaning to do anything with him at all.

*Quest:* How did this come about?

*Barmaid:* I told you about the lovers' lane, you see? This was when I was seventeen, you see? In an odd way I was dead keen on this mysterious bloke. The thought of all his dark and mysterious deeds was a thrill and his dark and mysterious life and all that. I was with my boyfriend Rob, the bloke I was going with at the time and it was one summer evening and we were going down the lovers' lane I told you about because it was the best place for what we had in mind and I suddenly had this odd weird idea to crawl through the bushes and do it in his garden, where even the policeman with his torch wouldn't find us, you know, humping.

*Quest:* And this is what you did?

*Barmaid:* Rob was dead against it from the start. He was dead nervous about it until I called him a chicken and he had to go through with it then to save his face.

*Quest:* So you crawled through the bushes into this man's garden and made love there?

*Barmaid:* Yes, and my heart was thumping like mad and I came over all trembly at the thought of how wicked we were and how dangerous if the bloke caught us.

*Quest:* And what happened?

*Barmaid:* Rob followed me through the hedge and my skirt came up over my bum and I only had paper thin pants and they were sopping and he kept bumping his face against them and prodding with his fingers and by the time we got through he had a big hard-on and he was anxious to use it on me and I was just as anxious for him. We had a sort of way of doing it then, the same every time. First he'd French my mouth with his tongue then I'd French him back, then my bra would come off my shoulders although most of our clothes stayed on. Then he'd feel my tits and I'd open his shirt and feel his chest, then he'd lift my skirt and stroke my thighs and I'd let them open dead slowly and let his fingers get there inch by inch and I'd lean against him and my own fingers would be moving up to his cock. Then he'd get inside my pants, just get one finger in and I'd close my legs and he'd have to open them and as soon as he got a finger right up I was helpless and I'd be tearing at his flies. Then he'd give me his finger and I'd give him a bit of a toss off and then I'd lie back and spread my legs and take him and that was it.

*Quest:* This time it was different?

*Barmaid:* That's what I'm trying to tell you. This time we just started ripping at each other, or I started ripping at him and Rob just got stuck straight in and that's how the man found us. With Rob thrusting his cock in and out like a piston and me suddenly with my tits hanging out and my legs spread right out and looking up into this bloke's face. It was the thing that he was actually watching us and seeing me being screwed that gave me that orgasm. Rob realised what was happening right at the last minute and I was screaming and tearing at his hair and his back and bucking like a horse. I wasn't trying to throw him off or anything. It was just the way I came.

*Quest:* And what was the other man's reaction?

*Barmaid:* Nothing. It didn't seem to be anything at first. Rob sussed what was going on, the way I was smiling serenely up at this bloke and you should have seen the way it dawned on Rob's face. He was right off, rolling off and buttoning himself and fastening his belt and trying to get out of it as quick as he could. 'Come on, Mary,' he said to me. 'Let's get out of here.'

*Quest:* And this man whose property it was, still hadn't shown any reaction.

*Barmaid:* Not much. I was laying there, showing everything and laughing, well showing nearly everything, and Rob was crashing through the bushes back to the path. 'Well, young lady,' was all this bloke said, 'aren't you going to follow your friend?' I must have been more tarty than I thought because I just sat up slow and told him he didn't frighten me. He said something about how he could put me across his knee and spank me till I yelled, and I told him he couldn't. Oh, and another thing. There was this bulge in front of his pants and it looked like a stallion compared to Rob who wasn't all that big. I eyed it a bit and eyed his reaction to me looking at it, but he just told me to clear off or he'd have my hide. I kept telling him he wouldn't dare, but I went anyway. I used to hang around a lot outside his place to see if I could see him and I did once or twice though he didn't seem to notice me. Rob wouldn't ever go back in there again and it sort of tailed off with him.

*Quest:* How did you come into contact with this man again?

*Barmaid:* I told you I took to walking past his place and hanging around and in the end I went back in through the hole in the fence to get some apples he had that were hanging in some trees down the back near the allotment he had or something.

*Quest:* And this was when he found you.

*Barmaid:* Yes. He went on about having told me not to come near his garden again and I told him he wouldn't dare do anything about it and he had this glint in his eye and I could see he remembered me from last time because the bulge was back in his pants. It could have been really dangerous couldn't it. I mean I could have been murdered. I couldn't have been raped because I was dead forward for my age, well any age, but I mean he could have done nasty things to me and no-one would have heard me screaming because it's a fair distance right across the playing fields to the next houses.

*Quest:* What actually happened?

*Barmaid:* He did spank me. He was a big strong man and no-one had ever spanked me, not since I was a tiny kid, and he made a lunge at me and chased me down the garden and I tripped over a root of a tree and he caught me by the blouse and ripped it and my tits fell all over the place and he was dead strong and he got his arm under me and lifted me up with my tits bulging over his arm and just carried me between two trees where there was a stump and I was kicking and yelling and he plumped down on this stump and laid me across his lap with my tits all squashed up everywhere and he yanked my pants down and my skirt up and he had a bull's eye view of my arse and down came his hand right across my cheeks – five times, until I shut up squealing and started moaning. Then although I was burning a bit I could feel his finger slipping round behind me and he was fondling my breasts with one hand under his lap and he wasn't holding me down anymore and his hand was rubbing my bum. It was really wetting me and I prodded my hand under his legs and I was touching that bulge and he just stopped suddenly, pushed me to the ground and told me to tidy myself up and never come near him again and with that he just turned and stalked off into his house leaving me lying on the ground thinking I can't remember what.

---

*Three* **Secretary, 21 years old, brunette, town of origin Brentwood**

*This interviewee had left school at sixteen and after a year at college had left to take a secretarial course. She had two brothers and one sister and had been used to an involved family life at home. At the time of the inter-*

*view she shared a house with four men.*
*Quest:* Your living arrangement works?
*Secretary:* You mean the mixed flat? I like big involved crowds of people, all mixed together, don't you? Don't you think that's the best way to live? It all starts going wrong when people are split up into sexes when they go to secondary school, and the boys are segregated from the girls, don't you think that's at the bottom of it?
*Quest:* At the bottom of what?
*Secretary:* Well, you know, the whole problem of people living together. They get so suspicious when they hear I'm living in a mixed flat, especially my boyfriends – they turn so jealous and possessive and insecure. It can be awful, you know. I mean, it's so utterly innocent and it works so well.
*Quest:* So you've never had sex with any of your flatmates?
*Secretary:* You know I have. That episode with Victor, you know.
*Quest:* I'd like to know how that happened.
*Secretary:* It was breaking the rules wasn't it? I don't know what anyone else would have done in that position. Gosh, you don't think I'm developing some terrible mothering complex do you? It was a sort of rule of mine not to have sex with anyone I was trying to share a place like this with. I mean, it doesn't work. Everyone gets so terribly hung-up if two of you are sharing the same bedroom, the same meals and snogging in the television room, don't they? It sort of cuts everyone else out. It's like having secrets.
*Quest:* And is that what you and Victor were doing, sharing the same bedroom and snogging?
*Secretary:* It was the only way I could get through to Victor.
*Quest:* What was?
*Secretary:* Well, going up to his bedroom and having it off with him.
*Quest:* And is that the way you get through to the other people in your flat?
*Secretary:* I should hope not. I think you've got the same hang-ups the people I was telling you about have, about mixed flat sharing. They think there must be something going on. It's all that separate schooling I told you about – boys and girls think they've been separated because of their sex, and they have, and so when they come back together again they can't think of the other sex without thinking of sex. Is that terribly confusing? I expect it is.
*Quest:* But Victor appealed to you sexually?
*Secretary:* Well, he must have done to some extent otherwise I couldn't have got into bed with him, could I?
*Quest:* But it was something else beside sexual desire?
*Secretary:* It wasn't exactly sexual desire either, any part of it. Oh, well, it could have been I suppose. The front bedroom over the door had been empty for ages and one evening Victor turned up in the doorway and said he was moving in and that was about all he did say. I mean I didn't open the door to him or anything and think, oh, ho, here comes trouble, I'm going to fall for this one, or I'm not going to be able to keep my hands off this one. In fact I didn't open the door. One of the boys did, Jim I think. My bedroom's downstairs with the television room and dining room and kitchen and the boys are upstairs and I only ever go up there to the loo and the bathroom. It wasn't until I was coming out of the bathroom the next day – that was a Saturday I think, and he passed me on the landing without a word and I wondered who he was. I asked Jim and Jim just told me he was staying in the small front bedroom and that was all Jim knew.
*Quest:* And this roused your interest in Victor?
*Secretary:* Well, Vic didn't seem to fit in. He seemed lonely and not terribly happy and I wondered what he did in his room all evening – such a small room. Sometimes he went out, but never came back with a girl or drunk or anything like that. It went on for ages and ages, in fact, until I couldn't hide my curiosity any longer.
*Quest:* And you did something to confront him?
*Secretary:* I came in one evening terribly sozzled and I was halfway into bed when I thought about it. I'd been on a little outing with the girls and Susan had said, 'I knew someone like that. Steer clear, they're dangerous.' 'But he's so quiet and not bad looking either,' I said.
*Quest:* What did you think about as you were halfway into bed?
*Secretary:* Well, it wasn't all that late and I thought I might just nip upstairs and have a long overdue chat.
*Quest:* About what?
*Secretary:* I wasn't sure at the time. It seemed like one of those brilliant ideas you have when you're sozzled, you know, you must have had them – when everything seems so simple and straightforward – and what happened then, I ended up in his bed – that's what happened then, and broke all my rules.
*Quest:* Tell me what happened when you went up to his bedroom.
*Secretary:* Well it wasn't all that late. I mean, coming up towards midnight and I didn't think he'd be asleep or anything. The boys were all watching the box and Andy came out as I was about to go up the stairs and said, 'Be careful in that get-up, Liz, you're driving me crazy with lust – and if I catch you bending over the sink in that provocative way again, by the way, you know what I'm going to do to your little round bum, don't you. I've warned you.' I laughed, because Andy's always saying things like that and doesn't mean them at all. He might pat your bottom but that's all he does. He keeps it all terribly healthy.
*Quest:* What get-up were you wearing?
*Secretary:* We haven't got to the stage where we all wander about nude, yet. Though there was that time, Peter came barging into the bathroom when the lock was broken and found me trying to cover everything that wasn't below the waterline with a pathetically small flannel. Well, I suppose I'm boyishly built so above the waist I haven't all that much to hide have I? I mean, they're not so small you would mistake me, but I can wear tee shirts without bras and not droop or flop if you see what I mean.
*Quest:* And below the waist?
*Secretary:* That's a bone of contention between me and some of my boyfriends. I'm a bit fed up of being told how big I am, and being called the bushy-tailed rabbit, because I've got such a hairy bush. It made one boy keep sneezing because he would nuzzle me there. I mean he only took my knickers down and parted my legs and nuzzled me and it tickled him and made him sneeze, and that's all he wanted to do, not my breasts or my ears or my neck or lips or anything else, not even my toes or my knees or anything.
*Quest:* And we still don't know what you wore as you went up the stairs.
*Secretary:* I've told you. I was almost in bed – my nightie.
*Quest:* And nothing else?


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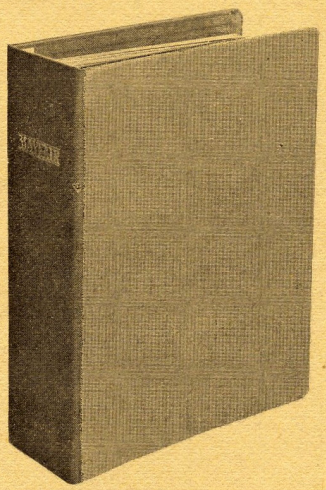

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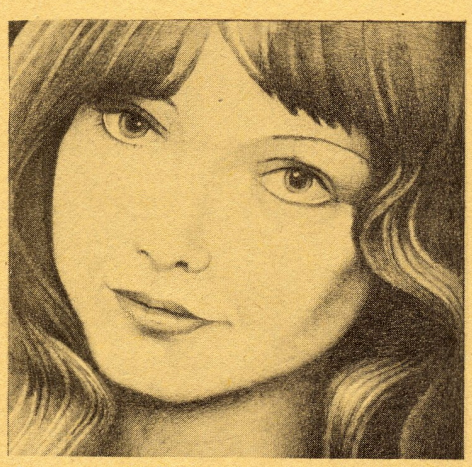

*Secretary:* Well they have matching panties and I have a dressing gown because nearly everything shows through the nightie. I have to hold the dressing gown closed because it's lost its belt and it has a mind of its own and falls open all the time.
*Quest:* What happened when you knocked on Victor's door?
*Secretary:* Well, I hadn't rehearsed what I was going to say or anything and when he asked who it was and what whoever it was wanted, I pushed the handle down and poked my head round the corner. Vic was lying in bed with the blankets up to his tummy and his chest all bare with his hands behind his head staring at nothing. He looked really nice actually in a way I hadn't noticed before. He also looked terribly alone as though all the cares of the world were on his shoulders. 'Hello,' I said walking in, and 'Hello,' I said again, sitting quickly on the edge of the bed. He looked at me and he didn't say anything. Well, stupid, I thought to myself, say something intelligent. 'You don't say much,' I said, and still he said nothing. He hardly moved a muscle. 'Is something wrong,' I said. He shook his head. What was it about him that was making me feel like a silly little schoolgirl? I think there were two things fighting inside him, the strong man, and the frightened little boy.
*Quest:* What happened then?
*Secretary:* Well, I just realised that he had the most enormous problems and that he would have to tell someone soon. I suppose it was female intuition that made me realise it. I mean I could really feel he had a problem he couldn't solve. I sort of crept nearer to him on the bed a bit.
*Quest:* Why?
*Secretary:* Because I wanted to stroke him.
*Quest:* How did you want to stroke him?
*Secretary:* Because he was so lonely looking and I felt terribly tender because you felt he was so lonely because he was keeping all these terrible secrets and you felt he could keep the most awful secrets without ever telling anyone else.
*Quest:* And did he say anything about his feelings?
*Secretary:* I suppose if you had been watching it, it would have looked like one of those love story plays where the man doesn't want you to go but he can't bring himself to admit it. He just pointed to a picture in a frame that was lying face down on the bedside table and I picked it up and it was a picture of a really lovely looking woman. He didn't even look at it – he just lay there without moving and went staring up at the ceiling.
*Quest:* Did he tell you anything about the woman in the picture?
*Secretary:* Yes, he said she was his wife and she had left him. 'I don't know whether she's ever going to have me back.' That's all he said. It sounded so sad. I didn't pity him at all – but I did feel for him. He'd put his hands on the bed beside him as though he was trying to control himself and just staring blindly at the ceiling. I picked up his hand and sat back on the edge of the bed and squeezed it and he didn't show any reaction. Without really thinking I just pressed it to my breast. My dressing gown had fallen open and his hand was warm against my breasts through the nightie. He looked at his hand and then he looked at me again and it was as though he was seeing me for the first time and he started rubbing his hand very gently against my breast. My nipples were as hard as nails and fit to bursting. He reached out with his other hand and started stroking my hair and brushing it back. It falls over my eyes a lot and he was pushing it back from my eyes and staring into them and then he smiled, not a lecherous or a sexy smile, just a thank you smile and it got right through to me and I wanted to kiss him.
*Quest:* And did you?
*Secretary:* I leant towards him and he put his arms round me and hugged me and it was nice because he said, 'Thank you,' just that as though I'd given him something. I didn't want to say anything to spoil it and I kissed him on the cheek and he moved his mouth round and nuzzled me and kissed me lightly on the lips and when I didn't push away he kissed me a little bit harder and harder until I was half lying across his lap and his hand was moving in slow circles on my breasts. Then he kissed my ears and I'm so sensitive around the ears he must have known, I nearly went crazy. I get terribly wet round the crotch when people kiss my ears and my throat, even more so than my nipples. He was kissing my throat and sliding his tongue down towards my breasts. He pulled the drawstring at the top of my nightie and pulled it away from my breasts and I was right back across his legs and he was kissing my breasts and terribly gently caressing his hand across my belly and my thighs. Then suddenly he stopped. 'No,' he said, 'I mustn't.' I really wanted satisfying badly by then. I've never made any secret of my sexual urges when they're aroused, just tried to keep them in their place. 'Why not?' I said, sitting up. 'I don't know,' he said. Men rarely do know exactly what they want. They think they know, but it changes from minute to minute. I think I said something like, 'It's what you need,' or 'It'll do you good,' or something like that, and I pulled back the blankets because I was actually going to climb in beside him. I thought I'd felt something digging into me. He was completely naked and he had an enormous erection. That made me worse. I think men's penises are sometimes nice enough to eat. Vic's was.
*Quest:* And did you?
*Secretary:* Eat it? I happen to think they taste nice, but I don't eat men, I kiss them and lick them.
*Quest:* And this is what you did to Vic?
*Secretary:* I sat down on him when I'd kissed him. At first he just shut his eyes and didn't make a sound. I made him wet with my lips and I rubbed him up and down and said, 'Vic, we both know what we both want, are you going to take my knickers down or shall I?' Really, that was a terribly silly thing to say, but I know some men like doing it to you, taking your knickers down and stuff like that. It was very awkward because I was kneeling across him and he couldn't get them down because they were out of reach and I had to drop them on the floor. It was just a ruse really to make him open his eyes and say something or at least look at me. 'You're really beautiful,' he said, 'you're really something.' I've told you about my little physical thing haven't I. He'd put his fingers into me and I knew that was going to satisfy me but I didn't want to make him come too quickly because I think most men can lose interest after the first time and often can't be really bothered to get it up a second time, can they? Then he kissed my bottom and I could feel his tongue slipping all around me and touching a certain sensitive little spot and I knew I was going to come any second and I pulled away and he tried to hold onto me with his fingers and wouldn't stop wriggling them and it was a terrific sensation because his fingers stayed there almost until I'd turned round and I was crouching above his prick. Then they came at me from the front and he was bending forward and I came down on him as his fingers were wriggling at the front and then he started sliding in as I went down, beside them. I pulled his hand away and went right down on him and I felt it all engulfed inside me and I came almost at once just with the friction of it sliding into me. I just rocked forward once or twice and we both just . . . came. It was such an oozy feeling. I mean there was so much – if I'd forgotten to take my pill or something, I'd have been in trouble.
*Quest:* And what happened to your rule of not sleeping with flatmates?
*Secretary:* I was going to go back to my own room, but I think Victor wanted someone just to cuddle for the night. He said that was just as important to him and it was nice because most men just can't wait to be rid of you once they've been satisfied and I liked sleeping with him and waking up all warm and muzzy in the morning to find one of those big lazy soft erections men get in the mornings. So I did sleep with him and we did do something to his big sleepy erection before I sneaked back to my room. And Vic was terribly understanding about me not sleeping with him again and he started talking to everyone much more and I think the others guessed. He went about a week later and I think he went back to his wife. He said he was. It's amazing what one little girl like me can do to a big strong silent mysterious man isn't it?
*Quest:* Thank you.

*Compatibility. Isn't this what we are all continually searching for? Where someone's personality and outlook complement our own? Where communication is spontaneous? But how rarely this happens. Despite many interests in common, there is invariably that indefinable "something" which is lacking.*

*That "something" is the key to our service, because we firmly believe that it is directly related to each person's Astrological Sign. Thus, in bringing people together, we take into consideration their interests, personality and personal requirements in conjunction with their Astrological Signs. We do it by blending the ancient skills of the Astrologer with sophisticated computer techniques; programmed by one of Britain's foremost authorities.*

*This brings to you, people whom you would never otherwise have met —people who you know from the outset have all the qualities which please you, and where you have all the qualities which please them. It is uncanny how well it works.*

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*Fill in the questionnaire now, but don't use it as an ego trip. Please answer the questions spontaneously and truthfully—both about yourself and about the people you wish to meet.*

*We promise you some very pleasant surprises.*

astro

# DATING THROUGH ASTROLOGICAL COMPATIBILITY

**INSTRUCTIONS**

In the columns headed "Yourself" indicate the characteristics which **apply to you** with a [1].

In the columns headed "Your Date" indicate the characteristics which **you prefer** with a [1] and those which you **strongly object to** with an [0].

Where you have no strong preferences or objections, leave blank.

**YOUR SEX** M [ ] F [ ]

**YOUR WEIGHT** Stone [ ] Pounds [ ]

**YOUR BIRTH DATE**

Day [ ] (11 12) Month [ ] (13 14) 19 Year [ ] (15 16)

If, as far as you know, you were PREMATURELY or LATE BORN, please indicate approximately, by how many days.

Premature [ ] (17 18) Late [ ] (19 20)

| AGE | | Yourself | Your Date |
|---|---|---|---|
| 18 – 22 | 21 | | |
| 23 – 27 | 22 | | |
| 28 – 32 | 23 | | |
| 33 – 37 | 24 | | |
| 38 – 43 | 25 | | |
| 44 – 50 | 26 | | |
| 51 – 60 | 27 | | |
| Over 60 | 28 | | |

| HEIGHT | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Under 5'2" | 29 | | |
| 5'2" – 5'5" | 31 | | |
| 5'6" – 5'9" | 33 | | |
| 5'10"–6'2" | 35 | | |
| Over 6'2" | 37 | | |

| BUILD | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Light | 39 | | |
| Medium | 41 | | |
| Heavy | 43 | | |

| HAIR COLOUR | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Blonde or Fair | 45 | | |
| Medium | 47 | | |
| Dark | 49 | | |
| Red or Ginger | 51 | | |

| HAIR LENGTH | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Short | 53 | | |
| Medium | 55 | | |
| Long | 57 | | |
| Bald | 59 | | |

| MARITAL STATUS | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Single | 61 | | |
| Widowed | 63 | | |
| Separated | 65 | | |
| Divorced | 67 | | |

| COMPLEXION | | Yourself | Your Date |
|---|---|---|---|
| European | 1 | | |
| Latin or Mediterranean | 3 | | |
| Middle Eastern | 5 | | |
| Chinese or Japanese | 7 | | |
| Indian or Pakistani | 9 | | |
| African | 11 | | |
| Black | 13 | | |

| ATTRACTIVENESS | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Very good looking | 15 | | |
| Very attractive | 17 | | |
| Fairly attractive | 19 | | |
| Not unattractive | 21 | | |
| Unattractive, but with a beautiful heart! | 23 | | |

| RELIGION | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Catholic | 25 | | |
| Other Christian | 27 | | |
| Jewish | 29 | | |
| Other or none | 31 | | |

| SCHOOLING | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Public | 33 | | |
| Grammar | 35 | | |
| Secondary | 37 | | |

| EDUCATION | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Advanced/University | 39 | | |
| Ordinary | 41 | | |
| Elementary | 43 | | |

| POLITICS | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Conservative | 45 | | |
| Liberal | 47 | | |
| Socialist | 49 | | |
| Communist | 51 | | |
| Other | 53 | | |

| BACKGROUND | | Yourself | Your Date |
|---|---|---|---|
| Upper | 1 | | |
| Upper middle | 3 | | |
| Middle | 5 | | |
| Working | 7 | | |

| INCOME | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| High | 9 | | |
| Average | 11 | | |
| Low | 13 | | |

| OCCUPATION | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Professional | 15 | | |
| Commercial | 17 | | |
| Creative | 19 | | |
| Craft | 21 | | |
| Clerical | 23 | | |
| Manual | 25 | | |
| Self employed | 27 | | |
| Secretarial | 29 | | |
| Vocational | 31 | | |
| Nursing | 33 | | |
| Student | 35 | | |
| Other | 37 | | |

| PERSONALITY | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Lively | 1 | | |
| Serious | 3 | | |
| Quiet | 5 | | |
| Religious | 7 | | |
| Sensitive | 9 | | |
| Affectionate | 11 | | |
| Romantic | 13 | | |
| Temperamental | 15 | | |
| Loves animals | 17 | | |
| Possessive | 19 | | |
| Demanding | 21 | | |
| Generous | 23 | | |
| Self-assertive | 25 | | |
| Adventurous | 27 | | |
| Ambitious | 29 | | |
| Intellectual | 31 | | |
| Sporty | 33 | | |
| Clothes conscious | 35 | | |
| Self-confident | 37 | | |
| Shy | 39 | | |
| Inhibited | 41 | | |
| Enjoys drinking | 43 | | |
| Enjoys smoking | 45 | | |
| Sexually experienced | 47 | | |
| Enjoys sex in a relationship | 49 | | |

| INTERESTS | | Yourself |
|---|---|---|
| The Arts | 1 | |
| Classical music | 2 | |
| Science | 3 | |
| Philosophy | 4 | |
| Meditation | 5 | |
| Politics | 6 | |
| Social work | 7 | |
| Motoring | 8 | |
| Countryside | 9 | |
| Travel | 10 | |
| Hiking | 11 | |
| Riding | 12 | |
| Sailing | 13 | |
| Water sports | 14 | |
| Golf | 15 | |
| Tennis or Squash | 16 | |
| Cricket | 17 | |
| Football | 18 | |
| Rugby | 19 | |
| Winter sports | 20 | |
| Gambling | 21 | |
| Musician | 22 | |
| Folk music | 23 | |
| Jazz | 24 | |
| Pop music | 25 | |
| Discos or Dancing | 26 | |
| Parties | 27 | |
| Dining out | 28 | |
| Cinema | 29 | |
| Bridge | 30 | |
| Quiet evenings | 31 | |
| Gardening | 32 | |

**COLOUR**

Indicate all the possible colours you might like *predominantly* in your living or bedroom.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Black | 33 | |
| Golds | 34 | |
| Reds | 35 | |
| Browns | 36 | |
| Blues | 37 | |
| Grey | 38 | |
| Greens | 39 | |
| Pinks | 40 | |
| Purple | 41 | |
| White | 42 | |
| Orange | 43 | |
| Yellows | 44 | |
| Violet | 45 | |

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Small alterations to, and removal of your data from the computer will be done, without charge, and upon request.

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Send your completed questionnaire to:

**ASTRO**
**53-79 Highgate Road, London NW5.**
Telephone: 01-267 3519

[ ][ ][ ][ ][ ][ ][ ][ ][ ][ ]
1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10

Name _____

Address _____

_____

Telephone (Home) _____ (Office) _____

Indicate, if you wish your telephone number only to be given to your dates [ ]

If you require additional questionnaires for your friends, indicate how many [ ]

I have completed the questionnaire truthfully and agree to the conditions of membership. Enclosed is my cheque/postal order/cash for £ 10.00

Name the most convenient city or large town for your dates.

Signed _____ Date _____

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MA11

# HOUDINI

*continued from page 82*

his brother, 'I'm tired of fighting, Dash, I guess this thing is going to get me.' Death was the one situation from which even Houdini could not escape.

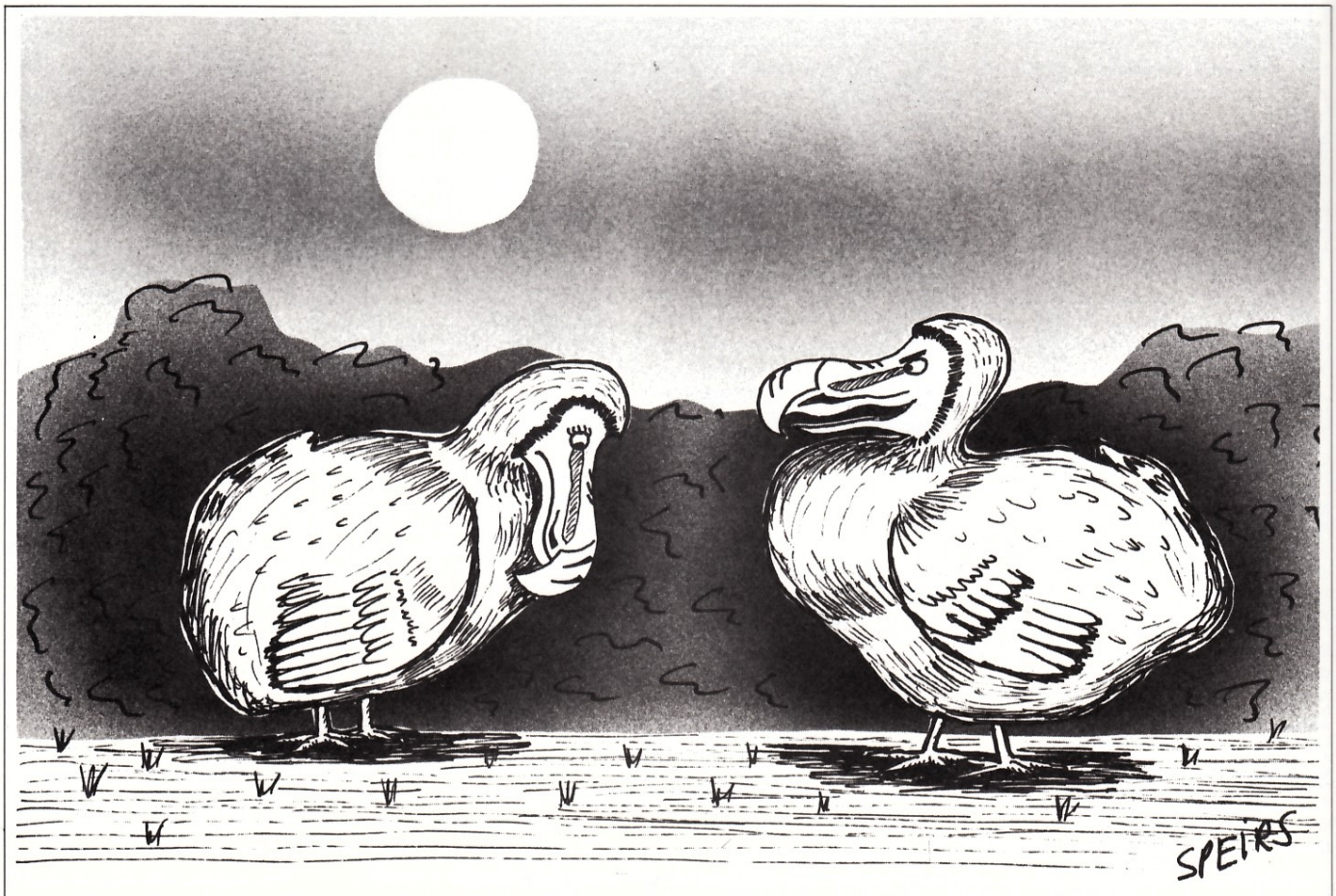
How did he contrive his almost incredible releases? Like all magicians, Houdini kept his secrets to himself, although it is said that he left behind a sealed envelope containing the key to many of his mysteries with instructions for it to be opened fifty years after his death. Unhappily, this envelope, if ever it existed, has never been found. Nevertheless, we do know something about his methods. Much of his success depended on tiny picklocks, ingeniously constructed and cunningly concealed. This was particularly so in the case of his 'prepared' escapes which formed part of his regular act. Also, various bits of furniture or clothing had skilfully designed sliding panels and hiding places for the concealment of the tools he needed to achieve the escape. He was also a highly trained technician, almost an engineer, when it came to designing and constructing the paraphernalia of his trade. The famous Chinese Water Torture Cell, for instance, which puzzled even other magicians, was extremely simple in concept, consisting merely of a detachable lid which could be pushed off by exerting strong pressure from inside, enabling Houdini to climb out and replace it with the padlocks clearly still intact.

But the whole point of the illusion was that the lid was so cunningly constructed that, despite close inspection by members of the audience, nobody ever solved its secret while Houdini was alive.

The 'Challenge' escapes were in a rather different category since Houdini had only a limited amount of time to devise a method for getting himself out and each challenge presented different problems. In the case of the various prison cells from which he extricated himself, he almost certainly concealed picklocks either in the cell at a prior inspection of the premises or on his body, despite being stripped and meticulously searched before being shut in. On one occasion he admitted that he taped a picklock to the sole of his foot which was overlooked by the searchers. But it was the various packing cases, boilers, cabinets, paper boxes and so on, especially constructed by outside challengers that caused the most sensation with the public. Here the secret lay in the fact that Houdini invariably accepted the challenge for, say, 48 hours ahead and the container, of whatever description, was delivered to the theatre where he was appearing some time in advance of the actual performance. This gave the Escape King and his team of dedicated helpers time to examine the contraption and, perhaps working through the night, tamper with it in such a way that a seemingly miraculous escape could be achieved. This might involve switching soft metal bolts for the original ones made of hardened steel, replacing strong springs in a locking mechanism with weak ones which would be susceptible to Houdini's lock-pickers, or even preparing a substitute container – as in the case of paper bags – which could be used to replace the genuine article at the appropriate moment. In every case, Houdini, with a minimum of time to devise an escape plan, extricated himself successfully leaving the challenge container apparently untouched, original material – bolts, screws, cotter pins – having been replaced where it had proved necessary to change them

Houdini was a great artist – one of the all time greats – who has never had a successful imitator. He had many virtues – devotion to his art, to his wife, to his mother (whom he practically worshipped) and to those unfortunates who, in the 1920's, were being callously exploited by spiritualist mediums. He had, admittedly, a few vices as well – a supreme egotism and a vanity which brooked no opposition and permitted no viable rivals in his chosen field.

He is buried in Brooklyn, New York, along with most of his beloved family. An enormous, life-size bronze bust – erected at his own request – towers over his tomb, 'a monument to the man's vanity rather than to the man himself,' as one biographer describes it. But a monument there should certainly be to a unique artist whose very name is a synonym for the ability to escape from what appeared to be an impossible situation.




*'Oh, for God's sake! You're* always *too tired!'*

# MAYFAIR'S FABULOUS FIVE

Five of the sexiest, most delicious dollies ever to grace Mayfair in full colour films for you to enjoy again and again in your home.

**CAROLINE** *Cool, pert and pretty is Caroline Dell. Mayfair's Girl of the Year in Vol. 4.*

**SOPHIE** *Soaking uniform; sunny girl. Sophie strips for you.*

**SYLVIA** *Sensuous Sylvia Bayo fulfils your erotic fantasies in this sizzling Mayfair film.*

**PENNY** *Penny Mallett has nothing to hide in a polythene bikini.*

**VICTORIA** *Victoria Jane. Soft, cuddly and very bare.*

*Mayfair*'s Film Society offers you five masterpieces of erotic home entertainment. Five films and five girls, all with that certain extra 'something' that puts them to the front of every list of girls you've asked to see again. There's Caroline Dell, the cool, swinging, blonde dolly with the unmistakeable air of a young Monroe. Caroline's svelte charms made her a natural for the first *Mayfair* movie. Sylvia Bayo is the sultry temptress whose sex-appeal awakens your deepest erotic fantasies. Linger awhile over her huge breasts; her sensuous lips and you'll know why we say Sylvia sizzles. And who could possibly ignore Penny Mallett, our blonde bombshell beauty queen? When Penny's costume is destroyed by jealous rivals in a beauty contest, her use of a shiny polythene substitute reveals all our reasons for wanting to capture her on film. Hostess Sophie is soaked after spilling her drink. Lingeringly, she peels off the sodden uniform to change while you, her fellow travellers, are treated to Sophie's full-breasted, long-legged attractions. Finally, there's Victoria Jane. Remember her from *Mayfair*'s Vol. 6 No. 5? Victoria's soft and cuddly with warm velvet eyes and dark flowing hair. She's yours, along with Caroline, Sylvia, Penny and Sophie in glorious living colour on 8mm film for just £6.50 each. The films are approximately 100 feet long and available in a choice of Standard 8 or Super 8. Great value for five really great girls.

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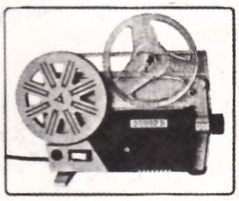

How better to view our films than with our own projector? It's just £14.55, complete with wall-hung screen, and comes in a special case. Standard or Super 8 – the latter gives you a larger image – for all your home movies. Note: due to high postal rates, this offer applies to readers in UK only.

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Please send me Victoria Jane/Caroline Dell/Sylvia Bayo/hostess Sophie/Penny Mallett film(s) (delete whichever does not apply). I would like Standard 8mm/Super 8mm (delete whichever does not apply).

I enclose cheque/postal order for.....

Please send me.....Standard 8/Super 8 Projector(s). I enclose cheque/postal order for.....

Name.....(I am over 18)

Address .....

..... Date..... M911

*If you do not wish to cut your magazine, we shall be happy to receive your order on plain paper. Don't forget to specify exactly which film you want. Block capitals throughout, please.*

**Reg. London No. 875169.**

# LETTERS

*continued from page 10*

was wearing a rather primly cut long skirt and she had a broad Scots accent that I didn't much go for.

But could she dance! And the way her jumper bounced made it very obvious that she was bra-less. She lived in a shared flat so when I took her home I couldn't go in, but I did get a hand up her skirt – and found her naked underneath.

The next night I invited her to my place. She arrived dressed up like a schoolgirl in short skirt, white socks and a white blouse. It didn't take me long to discover that that was *all* she was wearing. And could she screw! I'd never experienced anything quite like it. In other words she is always ready for it and enjoys it like none of the 'sophisticated' birds I know who always have headaches or some other complaint half the time.

Being brought up way out in the sticks she'd never worn a bra or tights. She believes that legs are better left bare in summer and in wearing long woolly stockings in winter. Her face is tanned and she never wears make up.

In the decent weather we had this summer we always went to the hills or to a quiet beach so that she could sunbathe in the nude – which suited me fine even if it meant that I saw much less of my usual crowd of friends. I don't fancy any of the girls that I used to go with and I couldn't be bothered with getting a girl out of bra, panti-girdle, tights etc etc just to get started anyway.

Scots girls are more *natural* girls and who can ask for more than a natural girl?

*A.B., Shoeburyness*

*Who indeed. But are Scots girls really more passionate? Perhaps readers from north of the border will have some views on this subject.*

Many thanks for your picture review of the Burne Hogarth-illustrated 'Tarzan of the Apes' in Vol. 9 No. 7. You may be interested to know that in fact the book is not a reprint of early Hogarth Tarzan representations but was commissioned in 1972 by Watson-Guptill Publications of New York. Hogarth himself retired from the Tarzan strip over 20 years ago and has often been asked to make a comeback. The Pan paperback you reviewed is a re-issue of the Paul Hamlyn hardcover version published in 1973, and a second volume, 'Jungle Tales of Tarzan,' is shortly to be published in the United States of America.

Early Hogarth drawings of Tarzan have already been published in 'Tarzan Superadventure Quarterly' during 1971–73. They were distributed by Thorpe and Porter but I fear that they are now again out of print.

*Paul Norman, Stevenage, Herts.*

Being a well-developed girl of 23, and still single, I have no trouble in getting boyfriends. But my views on penis size, having sampled a few, are very different from those of Miss C.B. (Vol. 9 No. 8).

How can she say *all* girls don't swoon at a long length? I myself get lots more enjoyment from that.

A long penis always gets me very sexually excited and I achieve multiple orgasms; with a short penis it always takes longer for me to reach my climax. So you see, Miss C.B., I'm a girl who does swoon at a good length.

One thing I've discovered is that boys like length too – in legs. I'm five feet nine inches tall with very long but nicely proportioned legs (my overall measurements are 38–24–38) and I'm still wearing very short mini-skirts. But it was only recently that I found out that boys could get a hard on just by looking at my legs. I used to think my large breasts did it or my figure, until I did a test to prove it on a new boyfriend of mine.

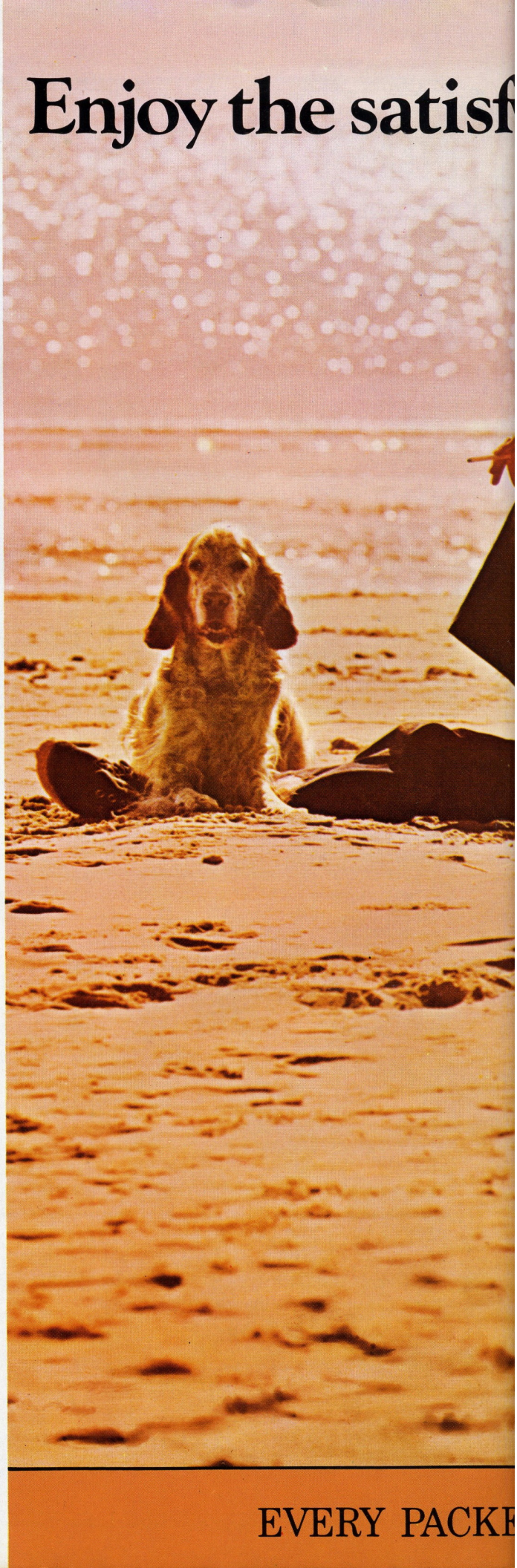
When he first asked me out he had only seen me in slacks, so I decided to wear my 12-inch mini-skirt, my highest heel slingback shoes (three and three quarter inch heels) and a pair of black, fine denier tights. Looking at myself in my wardrobe mirror I could see the skirt really showed my legs off well.

My parents had gone out and when my date called round at 8 p.m. I told him to sit down while I got some drinks. I walked across the room to the window, hearing my thighs rub past each other as I moved. Being well-developed I have large thighs – they measure

*turn to page 104*



Enjoy the satisf



EVERY PACKE

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32p

RECOMMENDED PRICE

PG 362B

CARRIES A GOVERNMENT HEALTH WARNING

# ZIZANIE

For over 200 years, French men
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subtle après shave.
Now, the original Zizanie de Fragonard–
perhaps the most exclusive men's fragrance
in the world–is available in the UK.
Distributed by Fabergé.

# LETTERS

*continued from page 102*

21½ inches round the plump part – and my nylon tights made them look really shapely. My high heels also gave a good round shape to my calves – they measure 15½ inches.

I leaned up to close the curtain and my mini went up to my waist, showing off my entire legs and briefs. From where he was sitting my boyfriend must have had a wonderful view. Next came the curtain in front of him. I leaned forward and stretched up as far as I could, exposing most of my bottom. I took my time and noticed in the glass how he seemed to look mostly at the thick parts of my thighs.

I walked past him several times, giving him plenty of leg and then turned to face him, my thighs only inches from his face, as I pretended to read the time by a clock on the wall behind him. Now I noticed a big bulge in his trousers. It had worked. My long legs really were the turn-on I thought. I wonder if Miss C.B. finds that legs can make a man stand to attention?

*Miss W.C.P., Norwich*

I was interested to read the letter published in Vol. 9 No. 7 regarding hair fetish. Being in the hairdressing business I have come across isolated incidents involving clients becoming sexually aroused while having their hair cut. The salon where I work caters for female and male trade and interestingly enough, sexual arousement is not restricted to either sex.

The incidents that I recall were always encountered when I was working on a client who had requested an 'extreme' haircut. By this I mean men demanding their hair closely cropped with electric clippers or ladies who favour the very boyish Eton Crop style or closely shingled hair at the back of the head.

One incident I recall was with a middle aged gent. Although his antics went undetected by the other customers, it was evident to me that he was masturbating. His agitation increased gradually throughout the haircut but he had not climaxed by the time I showed him the mirror for approval of my work. To my surprise he asked for the clippers to go higher up the back of his head. Anything to oblige, I thought, and I went almost to the crown of his head with my closest clippers. He climaxed almost immediately and during the relative calmness of paying and being brushed down he appeared sheepish and perhaps a little upset that he had got carried away with his insistent instructions. He gave me a £1 tip but I must admit that it was a rather sorrowful experience.

I have also encountered one particular female client who undoubtedly attempted masturbation while being closely cropped. This was a young blonde who after having had her hair closely shingled requested a final trim up with the clippers to make the shingle more pronounced. This particular girl, whenever the opportunity arose, could hardly keep her elbows away from my groin. Her agitation reached a peak while I was using the clippers on her neck. Talk about her being aroused – *I* was beginning to feel the effects. Funnily enough, I saw her three days later wearing a shoulder length brunette hair piece which hid the shingle.

The normal trims or shampoo and set clientele have never, in my experience, become sexually aroused. The agitation has only occurred with clients having the severe types of cut as I have described above.

I wonder whether any other hairdressers have come across similar incidents?

*W.P.M., Dorchester*

I have a strong admiration for Mrs M.B. of Berks. whose courageous letter appeared in your Vol. 9. No. 7. She proves, just as I have always thought, that a lot of women don't stop being sexy once they reach the age of 40. She is absolutely right to suggest that pictures of mature women should be printed in your pages.

Many women in their forties and fifties continue to be very attractive. I suppose that it is less easy for you to find attractive mature ladies than it is with young girls but a nude mature woman is more exciting because you can see in her a stronger sexuality that younger girls so often lack. Mature women are also so much more exciting in bed. They have more experience

*turn to page 107*

When you feel like a straight scotch
make it a smooth one.
Distilled Blended and Bottled in Scotland
CUTTY SARK
BLENDED
SCOTS WHISKY
Mature a scotch twice and you get a smoother scotch.

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**CLITORAL STIMULATOR.** Worn round the base of the male organ during intercourse, this rubber cushion with its soft rubber profiles helps, through direct action on the female clitoral area, to heighten desire and allows the woman to reach a climax far sooner. **£1.35**

**EXTENSION SHEATH.** A washable and reusable sheath with a solid tip which adds 1½" effective length to the male organ **£1.35**

**PADDED SHEATH.** Apart from adding 1½" in length, this washable sheath adds girth as well. It also incorporates a special profiled top which intensifies stimulation of the female clitoral area. Supplied with body belt. **£2.95**

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**FRENCH TICKLERS.** These sheaths, with their added profiles of soft latex, help to heighten the sensitivity of the female vaginal tract. If you have never seen or tried one, you should – they really work! Women love them! Ten different shapes. **One for 60p.** (our most popular shape), or **six different for £2.50,** or all **ten for £4.00**

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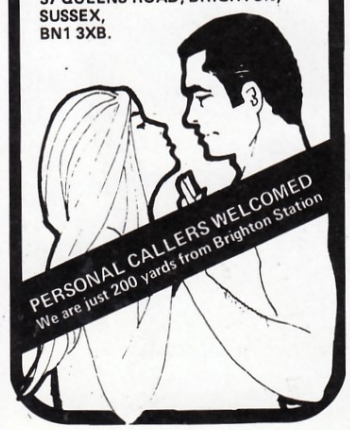


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# LETTERS

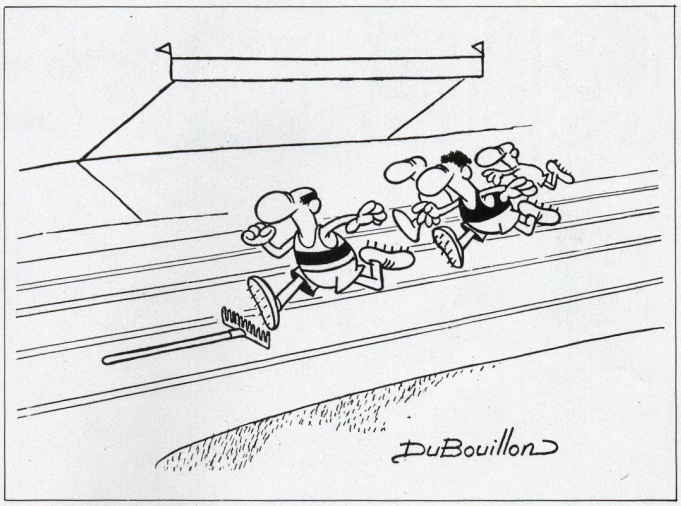
*continued from page 104*

and always have something new to teach you. They are also often more easy to satisfy.

If Mrs M.B. is really like she describes herself she must be a very seductive and quite irresistible woman.

So let us hope that she heeds your request for a picture of herself!

*J.F., Brussels*




I am stimulated by fantasies arising from your letters about, and pictures of, girls in wet clothing – and to judge from your recent issues I am not alone. Like others, I was interested in Mrs. M.B. of Wakefield's letter. The thought of her going right into the water fully dressed in boots, skirt and blouse has far more erotic appeal than an otherwise nude girl partly covered with a thin wet shirt. I think you would get many favourable comments if some of your models took a dunking dressed as they would be in the street. Boots filling with rushing water, jeans gleaming like fresh paint on thighs – these are the things that really turn on the wet-clothing addict. It is not unusual to be treated to the sight of a girl getting her jeans wet on holiday at the seaside, especially where small sailing boats are being launched. But I hit the jackpot last year when I found a small group on an otherwise deserted beach. There was a fellow wearing only cut-off jeans, with four girls. One wore dark jeans and jacket, one light jeans and shirt, one shorts and jumper and the fourth in a brown dress. After some banter on the sands they went for a paddle. The lad waded in and was soon swimming. Obviously he was encouraging the girls and the ones in shorts and dress went as far as they dared. Not to be left behind the other two were not long in going thigh-deep and, after some horsing around, were followed by the girl in shorts. After a few well-aimed splashes the girl in the dress finally gave in, let her dress drop in the water and joined the others in a bathe. The final treat was when they came out and splashed around in shallow water, their clothes clinging to them and shining with the wet in the sunshine.

There is one sort of outfit one would never see a girl wearing in the water and yet it would be far less subject to ruin than any other: namely, rainwear. There have been feeble attempts with just a see-through plastic mac, but the real fruit was portrayed by your artist in Vol. 9 No. 8 in the gorgeous fantasy he produced on page 13 – where mackintoshed girls were being thrown into a public fountain. How I would love to see some shots of your models wallowing in the surf in a proper belted mackintosh and boots. She could always strip off to please the majority of your readers.

*C.B., Herts.*

One night last week I woke up from a vague and agreeable dream and discovered that someone was kissing my prick! It was my wife, of course. She was squatting over my chest and in the light of the moon I saw her enticing lower cheeks in front of me, and between her thighs her most intimate treasure, framed by luscious black curls.

I managed to kiss her clit while she was carrying on passionately. After a while she got up,

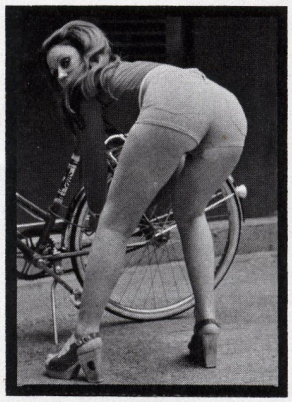
*turn to page 110*


**In Mayfair next month**

# GREAT 100th ISSUE

*Mayfair* celebrates its centenary issue next month with the greatest Christmas number ever. Getting the festive ball rolling there is our annual review of *Mayfair*'s best girls – Girls to suit every taste! Then there are five more nude features including perfect-breasted Marilyn (left) and a girl who can do a lot to renew anybody's enthusiasm for cycling – among other sports. It's a bigger issue but still all at the usual price of 50p.

Adding to the festivities is American humorist John Fergus Ryan – his tale of a Christmas dinner involves some very strange fare. There is a new look at the 'Cottingley Fairies' story and the photographs which have still not been proved to be fakes. There's a special feature on model trains as well as our report on the BMW by Bill Boddy. Humorous features include a special collection of 'Fieldvole' cartoons and the party-goer's handbook, the Gentlemen, That Reminds Me page. Plus Second Opinion, Quest, letters and cartoons galore.



# CARRIE

**Open wide is an invite to an orgy when Carrie goes to see the dentist**

AAAIIEE!

# LETTERS

*continued from page 107*

left the bed and knelt on all fours on the floor, her legs wide apart. I knew what she expected. We have a wonderful love-life, but never did we enjoy sex so much as on that occasion. When we had done, I was so exhausted that I had to rest my chest on her back. But she was completely gone too. Her legs sagged and we both tumbled to the floor.

Later my wife told me that she had been lying awake for hours. I had not serviced her for two nights and she longed to be screwed in her favourite 'wild dog' position. She'd grown so randy, she said, that she began to stroke my prick until I got an erection. Then she began to kiss her 'master' until I woke up.

Strangely enough, she was still apologetic for having disturbed my sleep, but I assured her that I liked nothing better and encouraged her to repeat it. So I am now awaiting my second 'moonshiner'.

*(Name and address withheld)*

Your centre girl Elaine in Vol. 9 No. 9 must be the sexiest girl ever to grace your pages! I have waited a long time to see a really slim, small-breasted girl in *Mayfair* and Elaine has, at last, filled the bill perfectly. Can we expect to see more slim girls in the future, or at least another appearance by Elaine?

*A.H., Bishops Stortford*

*Here is another slim chance to see Elaine.*

Having read your letters on younger men having sex with older women, how about an experience a friend and I had last year.

We are both 24 and had been sent to London on business by our firm. We were both having lunch in a restaurant in Oxford Street when two very attractive women, both in their mid-thirties, sat down beside us. After discussing the menu between themselves the blonde who was sitting beside my friend asked him the size of his steak so that she would know what size to order for herself. Quick as a flash he replied, 'Extra large with hair round it.' Looking not in the least surprised she dropped her hand onto his lap and said, 'So it is.' I had never seen my friend look more taken aback. We chatted to them and the conversation became very sexy. It was obvious that we had found ourselves a very randy pair. When my friend suggested they should come back to our hotel for an after-lunch drink they accepted eagerly. We had hardly entered the hotel room when the blonde unzipped her dress and flung it on the bed. 'Well, what are we waiting for?' she said, sidling up to my friend and brushing the obvious bulge in his trousers. In a couple of seconds she had undone his belt and pulled out his erection. From then on, our afternoon's entertainment was all go.

Before our encounter with these two females we had thought that we were experts at this game. But after that highly energetic afternoon we realised that we still had a lot to learn.

*L.O., Belfast*

Much as I like reading *Mayfair* my biggest thrill would be to see a girl burping.

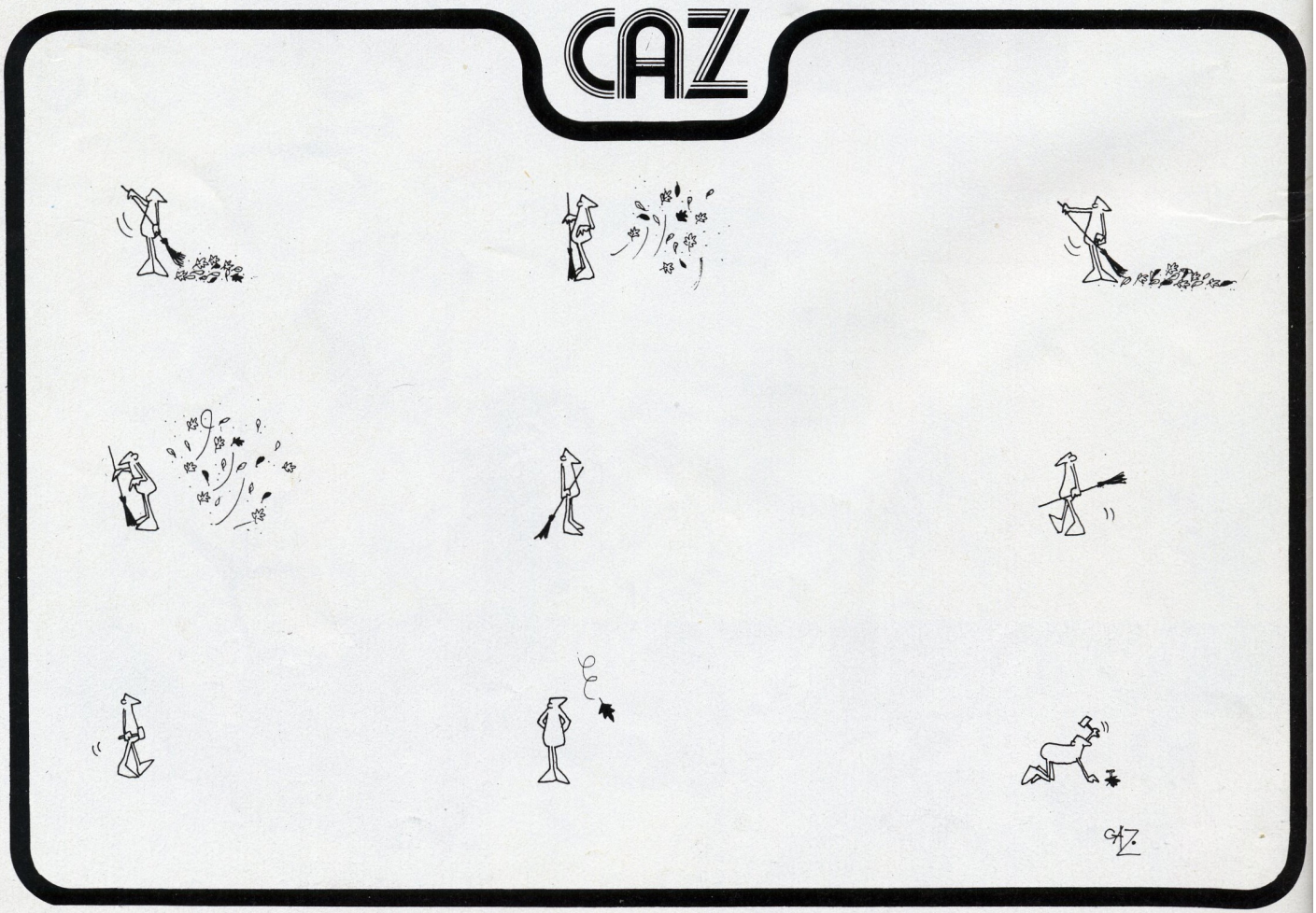
If your photographer could snap her just at the moment it happens it would send me over the moon. One or two other poses I would suggest are holding a bottle of fizzy drink with the girl's mouth open or the girl holding her stomach to show how powerful the burp is.

Obviously the more spontaneous the shot the more exciting it would be.

*John Snowden, NW3*

*Pardon*?

Your views and comments are welcome. Write to 'Letters', Mayfair Magazine, 95A Chancery Lane, London WC2A 1DZ



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